

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.

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VOL. III. No. 99.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852. [PRICE SIXPENCE.

News of the Week.

FORGOTTEN before the week is out, Lord John Russell's new Reform scheme has become a historic curiosity before it is a fact. Nobody talks of it, except to wonder at the lack of talk about it. Everybody asks what everybody else thinks about, and nobody answers, for nobody does think about it. People who can keep awake over the study of its tedious trifles, do dream that they discern in it something; but whether that something is bad or good, they cannot tell. It is many measures in one, on the principle that "many a little makes a mickle." Here are its chief propositions—
Reduction of the 10*l.* borough-franchise to 5*l.*
Reduction of the county 50*l.* tenant-at-will franchise to 20*l.*—the Chandos clause reduced to two-fifths.
Augmentation of small boroughs by annexation of neighbouring districts.
Union of certain small boroughs.
Extension of franchise to persons paying 2*l.* assessed taxes, *not* for licences.
Abolition of the property qualification for Members.
Omission of "the true faith of a Christian" in the oath which excludes Jews.
Omission of the anti-papal abjuration [papal aggression of 1850-1 notwithstanding!]
Parliamentary commissions to inquire into corrupt boroughs before disfranchisement.
Present disfranchisement of St. Albans.
Abolition of fictitious votes, as in Scotland, by requiring the tenement to be in actual possession of the voter.
The last two provisions stand in separate measures; and a separate bill is to give Ireland its new measure of Reform.
When Lord John announced this scheme on Monday, it fell upon a listless and ill-satisfied House. Mr. Bright *rather* supported it; Sir Joshua Walsley said truly that it would not satisfy the public; and although one Ministerial gentleman asked Members to decide the principle on the second reading, and not to concentrate their hostility on the details, Mr. Disraeli truly said, that in the details of a scheme which is all detail lies all the merit; so that a detrimental sifting of the details is promised at a later stage. As to deciding the principle on the second reading, or any other stage, Members feel this difficulty—
[COUNTRY EDITION.]

that they can't discern any principle to be decided.
Will it pass?—that is the question asked by all who do think it worth while to talk of it. The difficulty of answering the question lies in the apathetic and negative character of its reception on all sides. There is certainly no hostility to it. Radicals and High Tories are almost equally tolerant; the Tories are especially mild in their demeanour towards it. The most decidedly hostile doubt which we have heard expressed came from a moderate Radical, who is almost a Whig, and who is not likely to lead any onslaught on the Ministerial position. About the House the notion is that the Bill will pass by favour of the general indifference. We hope it may.
In other matters there has been some bustle and little business. Mr. Sharman Crawford obtained leave to bring in his Bill on Tenant Right on Tuesday. The peculiarity of the concession was, that Ministers, who are hotly opposed to the Bill, principle and details, were afraid of what might be said if they rejected without pretending to read it. On the whole, this scheme, which is an expression of Irish feeling on tenant wrongs, met with small favour. At the same time, it was quite obvious that the Russell mode of dealing with the question—cockering and then shirking it—pleased no one but Russell himself.
While Lord John Russell is sneering at all attempts to adjust the relations between landlord and tenant, four impracticable Irish peers—Lord Roden, Lord Westmeath, Lord Londonderry, and Lord Desart—demand a coercion bill, which the Whigs at present are not prepared to grant.
The attempt made, on Wednesday, to smuggle the Manchester and Salford Education Bill through the House as a private bill, met with a fatal and deserved failure. Mr. Gladstone effectually, we hope, put a stop to that not very creditable procedure. The point is not whether the bill was a private bill—no doubt it was—but whether it ought to have been made a private bill.
The Ministerial candidates have been re-elected at Perth and Northampton; and Greenwich has returned Admiral Stewart. The whole town was astounded on Thursday by the publication of a paragraph announcing the appointment of Mr. Layard to the Under Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. What has Mr. Layard done? He is not in Parliament; he has not served up to the place. No; but he has excavated nobody knows how

many feet of Syrian sand, and discovered marbles at Nineveh: a splendid qualification, certainly, for the management of our foreign relations. But perhaps this appointment is intended as a blow at the "family party"—as a generous recognition of somebody, no matter whom, not related to the Greys and Russells. It may be so. We observe that Lord Stanley of Alderley, whom Mr. Layard succeeds, comes back to the Ministry, as Vice-President of the Board of Trade.
Externally to Parliament there is little to notice. The Employers have been trying to coax back the men by opening their establishments to those who will sign a declaration of their own helplessness; and many have signed. But the undaunted members of the Amalgamated Society still hold out. How the employers can have the face to talk of a free bargain while they proffer a degrading declaration to the men, we cannot understand. It is obvious, in the words of Thomas Carlyle, that "the free bargain and fair up-and-down wrestle and battle between employers and employed" is not capable of being permanently "a rule of labour."
The first *conversazione* of the Society of the Friends of Italy on Wednesday in Freemasons' Hall achieved a genuine, hearty, spontaneous triumph for the cause and for the hero of the cause. It was a free-will offering of hearts and hopes, a tribute of loving admiration, and a promise of better days to come.
From this hopeful festival, which, as Mazzini happily said, was a commentary, and an improved commentary, on Lord Granville's declaration as to refugees, we cast a glance at poor, distracted, helpless France. We have nothing new to record this week. Louis Bonaparte has given audience to George Sand. He tells her she will be surprised at what *he* will do. So said Lear! He is almost inaccessible to mere mortals, absorbed in the confection of those tremendous Napoleonic Institutions. The nett result of his gigantic efforts of brain at present is—a very expensive costume for the supernumeraries who are to perform the part of "Conscript Fathers." France is ceasing even to give excitement; she is not only decadent, but positively dreary and dull.
Isabella of Spain, we are glad to hear, is recovering from the brutal attack of an odious fanatic;—an old priest, as it turns out, and bad as only priests can be, when nature, under the slow tortures of an inhuman system, turns awry, and makes the doomed ascetic half-fiend, half-beast.

HISTORY OF PARLIAMENT.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

PRECEDING the presentation of six petitions, whose prayer generally expressed a desire for an extended franchise, the motion for leave to bring in the long-promised Reform Bill was made on Monday night. Just before Lord John Russell rose, the SPEAKER read a letter he had received from Mr. Henry, the magistrate at Bow-street, announcing that Mr. Feargus O'Connor had been on that day committed to the House of Correction for seven days, having been convicted of assaulting a police-constable at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday night.

In moving for leave to bring in "a Bill to extend the Right of Voting for Members of Parliament, and to amend the laws relating to the Representation of the People," Lord JOHN RUSSELL thought the time he had chosen was most apt, as the country was tranquil, and there was no clamorous demand for reform. He vindicated himself from the charge of having made the announcement of last session on the spur of the moment, for mere party purposes, by stating that he had given "many" previous assurances to the House of his intention some day to extend the franchise. In 1849 and 1851 he had also submitted the question to the Cabinet, who had decided for postponement. Nothing he had ever said, no expectations that he had ever held out, should induce "extravagant hopes" on the one side, or "exaggerated fears" on the other.

So far the preface. The noble lord added another, which he called a "review" of the "measures which have been taken, and the measures which have been proposed," on the reform question at various times. But first he stated that "it is now very well agreed that the claim to have the franchise extended to every individual is not a claim which can be supported;" and then he gave the House this astounding piece of information:—

"The object to be gained is good government; and the mode of obtaining a fair representation of the people, and of obtaining a representation which can perform the functions of the House of Commons, is to be sought for in any measures that can be adopted."

Having delivered himself of this statesmanlike observation, he proceeded to "review" the efforts of a long period from 1795 to 1830. Reaching the Reform Bill, he stated the basis on which that was constructed, and defined the "test of disfranchisement" then adopted as being "the number of houses and the assessment to the assessed taxes;" and the Reform Bill disfranchised only those boroughs which were, on this test, obviously nomination boroughs. But it would be extremely unwise to destroy the balance of the constitution, which would be done if none but counties and large cities returned members. He saw no ground of necessity which would justify a proposition for an arbitrary and absolute disfranchisement; the only thing to be done was "to disfranchise in any case of proved corruption." Having stated this as a general principle of disfranchisement, he stated what they were prepared to do in extending the suffrage:—

"It appears to me that there are two grounds on which we may propose a considerable extension of the suffrage in the cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom. One is, that at the time of the Reform Bill, in placing the right of voting in occupants of houses of the value of 10*l.*, we did what I think is right and prudent to do—we placed the suffrage rather higher than was necessary. It was a time when there was, together with a great wish for reform, a great desire that it should be safe, and an unwillingness to place the suffrage in hands that might be unworthy of it. I own that in fixing the suffrage in 10*l.* householders at that time we obtained a safety, as shown by the working of our institutions since the passing of that act, which was described by some as menacing all our institutions with destruction. I think we might now place the franchise lower. But there is another ground which I confess has great influence on my mind, and it was that ground which formed a case for the original proposition of reform in 1822, namely, the growing intelligence and education of the people. (Cheers.) I could prove, if I were not afraid of wearying the House by going into statistics,—I could show by the sale of newspapers and of books, by the great number of schools established since 1831, that a great increase has taken place in intelligence among the people. (Hear, hear.) But I do not think the proof necessary, as the experience of every hon. member is sufficient to induce him to concur in my statement, and to say that the franchise given in 1831 might be made more extensive at the present time. (Hear, hear.) We propose, therefore, instead of householders occupying houses or shops of 10*l.* value, to take householders of 5*l.* rated value. ("Hear," and cheers from the Ministerial side.) Looking to the general returns which we have received, I should say that in point of numbers the householders of from 5*l.* to 10*l.*, as compared with those of 10*l.* and upwards, are in the proportion of about six to ten; and it will be seen, accordingly, that when we propose to

lower the franchise in cities and boroughs to 5*l.* rated value, we shall add a very great number of persons to those who now exercise the elective franchise. For my part, I am persuaded that the franchise may be safely entrusted to these persons. (Hear, hear.)

With respect to the county franchise, he proposed to extend that to all persons qualified to sit on a jury—that is, paying a rental of 20*l.* a year and upwards, and to copyholders and long leaseholders paying from 10*l.* to 5*l.* a year.

"There is another right of voting I have to mention, which we propose shall be given as a new right of voting indiscriminately to persons residing either in a county or in a borough. That is to say, that if they reside in a county, without the limits of any borough, they may vote for the county, and if they reside within any borough they may vote for the borough. These new voters are persons paying direct taxes in the shape of assessed taxes or income-tax to the amount of 40*s.* a year. (Cheers from the Ministerial side of the house.) We do not propose, however, that all licences—though they may be taken as direct taxes—shall give the right of voting, because it is our opinion that abuses might in that case arise; but we propose that persons who pay 40*s.* a year in these direct taxes shall have the right of voting, and clauses have been drawn to carry out this object. Now, the reason upon which this particular franchise is founded is the objection which has constantly been made, and not without reason, that while persons having freehold property, and others occupying household property, are allowed the franchise, there is a large class of well-educated men, and men likewise of property, who have not the qualification derived from possessing or occupying a particular species of property. (Hear, hear.) We hope, however, by this provision, to enable them to have votes, and thus contribute to the representation of the country."

The assertion that bribery was most prevalent in small boroughs he met by the counter assertion that it prevailed as much in larger boroughs; a *tu quoque* greatly cheered by the Opposition. But as in many of these small boroughs something like nomination did undoubtedly prevail, he thought that that was a reproach which ought to be taken away. He therefore proposed to "diffuse" the proprietary influence by giving the inhabitants of neighbouring towns the right of voting at the elections for such boroughs.

"When the Reform Bill was discussed in this house, I stated that in my opinion nearly all the boroughs should have not less than 300 voters each. While this is the case generally, there are 14 smaller boroughs which have less than that number of voters; there are upwards of 30 more that have less than 400 electors; and there are several more that have less than 500 voters. When I speak now of electors, I allude to permanent electors, namely, those who are 10*l.* householders, and those who are freemen, holding the perpetual right which was maintained by the Reform Bill. We propose, then, to add places to all the boroughs which have less than 500 of such electors, consisting of 10*l.* householders and freemen. The number of boroughs to which this principle will be applied is 67. (Cries of Hear, hear, and some sensation on the Opposition benches. An hon. MEMBER—"In England and Wales?") I am now speaking (Lord John continued) only of England and Wales."

For the rest, he was disposed to preserve the "same general balance of interest" as at present existed; and "not disturb that balance—fearful that if we did so, we should only provoke a fierce struggle" in that House, and a very strong opposition in the House of Lords. However, the "property qualification" he would abolish, and reform the parliamentary oaths, leaving out the words "on the true faith of a Christian." Besides which, he proposed that no member of the government upon mere change of office should require the assent of his constituents. The Irish borough-franchise is to be reduced to 5*l.*, and the county-franchise to 20*l.*

"Sir, I trust that when this enlarged franchise is given, we shall next see the Government of this country, in whose hands it be, consider most seriously and earnestly the great question of the education of the people. (Loud cries of Hear, hear.) This question of the franchise is not alien from that other one of providing that the instruction, the education of the people, should be in a better state than it now is. (Hear, hear.) I am convinced, that if after a measure of this kind, in another session of Parliament, this House shall consider the means of establishing a really national system of education, they will confer one of the greatest blessings which can be conferred upon this country (hear, hear); a measure for which, I believe, the people are now almost prepared (hear, hear); and which, after further discussion, I do trust might be carried with very nearly a general assent. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I do not propose now, however, to enter further into this subject. I have stated the general provisions of the bill that I propose to introduce; and I rejoice that in this time of quiet and tranquillity (hear, hear) we can fairly consider that we are not acting under compulsion of any sort (hear, hear), that we are not obliged by any clamour to introduce this measure (hear, hear), but that we do it in the humble and earnest hope that we may contribute some-

thing to the power and the glory of our country. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. HUME followed Lord John Russell, after the question had been put, regretting the "omissions" from the speech. The noble lord had not thought fit to touch either upon the ballot or triennial parliaments. But as far as it went he should support the measure. Sir JOHN WALSH carried the discussion into another channel. He strongly contested both its fitness in point of time, and the necessity of the measure as the supposed satisfaction of any popular demand. He deprecated all changes, and pictured the time when, the old constitution of England having passed away, a despotism would arise as a consequence of democratic institutions. Mr. HENRY BERKELEY, not at all inclined to follow the alarming disquisition of Sir John Walsh, approved of the bill generally, but regretted the absence of the ballot, and declared his intention of moving a clause giving that protection to the voter. Mr. PHILIP HOWARD warmly approved of the bill. Sir ROBERT INGLIS drew an elaborate contrast between the excitement of 1831 and the quietude of 1852; dealt a stout blow at the proposed alteration of the oaths; and generally disapproved of the measure.

Mr. JOHN BRIGHT could not entirely approve. He could not tell how much good the bill might do. The serious defect of the bill was the absence of any provision for taking the vote by ballot. This was not only a hardship on the working classes, but on the employers of labour. Master manufacturers were just as liable to coerce their work-people as landlords, and the noble lord ought to have removed the temptation and the power from both classes. The man who was forced to vote was about as much degraded as the man who was bribed to vote; and if there was any considerable extension of the franchise, the noble lord was bound to give the ballot. Mr. Bright criticised the franchise qualifications, and complained, that in attempting to maintain the balance of power or interests the noble lord would only maintain the "dead lock" under which his government would be unable to march. He would not get a House of Commons which represented the country, but a House in a similar position to that in which they now were—unable to do that which the people insisted on having done. His concluding sentence is remarkable.

"He was glad that the call for reform had been met at all—that the noble lord had proposed an extension of political rights to some classes hitherto unrepresented; and he believed in his conscience, that that man who most loved his country, and was most anxious to support and maintain its institutions, ought to be deeply obliged to the noble lord for having, at a time when there was no great political excitement, volunteered a measure which, although it did not altogether meet his views, would yet leave the representation of the country in a better and more satisfactory condition than it was at present." (Cheers.)

Mr. Bright did not at all damage the Minister in his speech; but he was followed by a speaker from the "Tory camp," who attacked the measure in flank, and, by unsparing liberal criticism from a Tory point of view, laid bare its great defects, and exposed its vast deficiencies. Mr. BAILEY [Member for Inverness-shire] did not believe that a Reform Bill, "in the intended sense of the term," was either necessary or required at the present moment; but the First Minister had decided the question by declaring that it was desirable to "increase the power of the democracy," and having made that declaration, he ought, at least, to have been prepared to bring forward a measure calculated to give satisfaction to those who were justly dissatisfied with things as they were. There was one defect which would of itself prevent this measure from becoming permanent—there was no provision for shortening the duration of parliaments. The Septennial Act inflicted a great blow on the democracy. That was "essentially a Whig measure." By removing the fear of their constituents from the eyes of members, they very often pursued a very different course at the commencement of a new parliament to what they adopted at the conclusion of an old one.

"He might, if it were necessary, illustrate this by numerous examples, but he should content himself with instancing the course now pursued by the noble lord himself. The noble lord was a Liberal, and represented a large constituency. Now, the House would remember that, for the first four years of the present Parliament, his hon. friend the member for Montrose had annually brought on, with great ability and with great moderation, the question of reform, and upon every occasion had been firmly—by the might say obstinately—opposed by the Government. The noble lord would enter into no compromise; he was never sparing in his sarcasms upon his hon. friend and the party of which he was the head (hear, hear); and he gave us an intimation that a Reform Bill was to be brought in by the Government. (Hear, hear.) Such was the position of the question up to the last sitting of Parliament. That

however, which the eloquence of the hon. member for Montrose was unable to effect, the near approach of a dissolution had suddenly accomplished (loud cries of *Hear, hear*, from the Opposition benches), and at the conclusion of the last session of Parliament the House one day was surprised to learn, not only that the noble lord, but that every member of his Cabinet, had suddenly become converted upon the question. (*Hear, hear.*) He (*Mr. Baillie*) could not give a better illustration of the operation of long parliaments than by citing this example—that the very bill which the House was now discussing had been delayed by the Septennial Act for a period of four years; and he believed the noble lord was much mistaken if he thought that any measure would give satisfaction which did not provide for the shortening of Parliaments. (*Hear, hear.*)

Then why retain the small nomination boroughs? exclaimed Mr. Baillie, maliciously citing Marlborough, and Malton, and Richmond, and Ripon, and Tavistock, and Calne, all of which are in the hands of Ministers. These and many others were a disgrace to our representative system. He believed that there was no mode of dealing fairly with the question but by extinguishing these boroughs altogether. But to whom should their privileges be transferred? That was a question of great interest to Scotland and Ireland, neither of which parts of the kingdom were fairly represented. As to combining boroughs, that would lead only to still further proprietary domination. He asked the English members to consider the condition in which they would be placed hereafter, if the Prime Minister were always to have a Reform Bill ready whenever it might suit the object of his government to have a little popular clamour. (*Loud cries of Hear, hear.*)

“What would their position be if the question of a new Reform Bill was made dependent upon whether a minister was able to maintain a majority in this House? He called upon them, therefore, to take the noble lord at his word, and have a new Reform Bill indeed—not such a one as this, which would only whet the appetite of the country for further changes, and would only excite fresh agitation in the country—but a real and substantial measure, which would give a more equal and better distribution of political power to every portion of the United Kingdom. (*Hear, hear.*) Depend upon it, to this point we must come at last (cheers); and, if this progressive system of reform was to be carried on, upon the heads of those who had not hesitated to exercise their influence in order to promote and renew such constantly recurring agitation must rest the responsibility of the consequences which must ensue. (*Cheers.*)

Following up Mr. Baillie's appeal for Scotland, Mr. ROBEY put in a word for Ireland, as not being sufficiently represented, and asking for the combination of Irish boroughs. Mr. NEWDEGATE and Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY condemned the Bill for very different reasons. Mr. TRELAWNY and Mr. ANSTEE approved, with reservations; and Lord HAREY VANE approved entirely. Sir JOHN TYRELL thought that the noble lord's statement was a “milk-and-water affair,” and that the projected measure ought to be called “a Bill for the continuance of her Majesty's present Ministers in office.”

Lord JOHN RUSSELL here stated in reply, first to Mr. Newdegate and afterwards to Mr. Disraeli, that he would introduce the bill on Wednesday or Thursday, and take the second reading on Friday fortnight. This did not “appear to be quite satisfactory” to Mr. DISRAELI, who appealed for longer time, and declared that it was most unusual for a minister to move for leave to bring in an important measure like this Reform Bill, not having the said bill ready to introduce. They ought to have a month to consider the measure. Referring to the bill he congratulated the reformers on the “content” with which they had received it, but for his own part he thought that the essential conditions of a Reform Bill had not been observed. Replying to Mr. Bright he said that the towns had a preponderance in the representation, and that the difference in population and property between Thetford and Manchester did not prove that Manchester should have more members, but that Thetford should have none at all. As a set off to the Thetford and Manchester argument, he instanced the county of Chester, where Stockport and Macclesfield, having a population of 82,000, return four members, while the whole county, having a population of 134,000 (exclusive of the population of the towns) only returned two members. He should certainly oppose the bill if he thought any attempt would be made to give a preponderance to any party in the House; but that was a point which could not be settled until the bill was before them. As to the measure itself, it seemed one of questionable propriety. He could not say it appeared adequate; he could not say it was “statesmanlike;” he could not say that it seemed likely to be a permanent settlement of the question. He had always been in favour of an “industrial suffrage,” but he doubted whether a 57. franchise would act in that way.

“I am not to be persuaded that there was no measure better fitted for this purpose, no arrangement more apposite and more calculated to complete this end, than merely lowering the rating of the rent on which the suffrage depends.”

Demanding further time for considering the measure, asking the House to consider first, whether a measure like that was required at all; next, whether that was the measure required, he pointed out that there were other questions—as taxation, colonial and legal reform, which ought to be fairly and attentively considered, as well as parliamentary reform. Sir GEORGE GREY accurately described Mr. Disraeli's speech, when he said, that it would puzzle any one to tell exactly whether the honourable gentlemen supported or opposed the bill; but if he had objections, let them be manfully brought forward. He warned the House not to suffer the bill to be defeated by a proposal for delay. Sir BENJAMIN HALL sharply replied to Mr. Disraeli, that the noble lord had followed the precedent of 1831, in asking for leave a few days before he brought in the bill. The measure was not quite satisfactory, but that was no reason why the radicals should oppose it. No; they meant to take it, and get as much more as possible. Mr. Baillie had named nomination boroughs, whose representatives sat on the ministerial side; but where did honourable gentlemen sit who represented such “miserable little” boroughs as Wilton, Christchurch, Hythe, Buckingham, Helstone, Huntingdon, and Stamford? Altogether, he was thankful to the noble lord for the bill. Lord DUDLEY STUART made a similar speech, a little more strongly spiced in expression, and more antagonistic in spirit. He justly rated Lord John Russell for talking of extending the franchise to the people as a reward, and for maintaining the small boroughs. After a few words from Mr. M. O'Connell and Captain Harris, leave was given to bring in the bill, and the House adjourned at a quarter past ten o'clock.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL presented the Parliamentary Representation Bill, amidst cheers from the Ministerial side of the House, on Thursday night, when it was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on the 27th inst.

TENANT-RIGHT.

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD moved for leave to bring in a “Bill to provide for the better securing and regulating the custom of tenant-right as practised in the province of Ulster, and to secure compensation to improving tenants, who may not claim under the said custom, and to limit the power of eviction in certain cases,” on Tuesday. He stated the mode upon which he proposed to adjust compensations as follows:—

“Where the tenant claimed compensation, each party should appoint arbitrators with power to appoint a third arbitrator; and if a decision should not be made by the arbitrators, the question was to be referred to the assistant-barrister in all cases under 100*l.*, and in all cases over 100*l.* to the judge of assize. In the bill introduced by Lord Stanley it was proposed that a government commissioner should be appointed for the purpose of deciding those questions, and it would be for the consideration of the House whether an appointment of that sort should be made, or whether the decision should be left in the hands of the assistant-barrister or judge of assize. (*Hear, hear.*)”

His object was to give that security for outlay in improvements to the tenant which he did not now possess. All the evils of Ireland sprung from the very imperfect relations of landlord and tenant. Sir GEORGE GREY would not oppose the introduction of the bill, but he could not promise the support of the government. Repeated discussions had proved the “great difficulty,” he would not say the “impossibility” of dealing by Act of Parliament with the subject. Respecting the present deplorable state of certain Northern districts, Sir George Grey made the following incidental statement of the views and intentions of ministers, in substance the same as that given by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

“The honourable gentleman had alluded to the outrages that were committed in parts of Ireland to which he referred, and the combination existing there; he (*Sir George Grey*) believed that combination arose, not from want of compensation to the tenant for improvement effected upon the land, but that it was a combination to effect, by force, terror, and intimidation, a reduction of rents (*hear, hear*), and crime and outrage with that view must be met by the strict arm of the law. (*Hear, hear.*) The government did not ask for increased powers to meet it; they were anxious to endeavour by the ordinary existing law to oppose an effectual check to the progress of this system of terror and intimidation, but whatever the means might be, when the law was violated by crime and outrage it was the duty of the government to put an end by the strong arm of the law to a system of that kind. (*Hear, hear.*) But if the government were bound to enforce the law against offenders, they were also bound to claim from the occupiers of land, that co-operation that could only be effectually given by their combined action with the govern-

ment. Let rents be fairly assessed between landlords and tenants, and levied with justice and firmness, and then he believed a remedy would be applied to those evils. (*Hear, hear.*)

The announcement of the Home Secretary took the edge off the debate. Nevertheless the Irish members spoke a great deal in support of the motion. Mr. HENRY GRATTAN referred all the evils of Ireland to absenteeism, and proposed that the estates of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Dukes of Buckingham and Devonshire, of Lords Fitzwilliam and Palmerston should be sold by auction! Mr. HUME rushed into the debate uttering wholesale disapproval of the measure, and calling it “communism.” Mr. ROCHE and Mr. MOORE both supported the motion; the former rating the government for promising and not carrying a landlord and tenant bill themselves; and the latter showing how the landlords took improved land the instant it was improved, and drove out the tenant by imposing a high rent and giving no compensation. What all admitted to be a moral, Mr. Crawford's bill would make a legal wrong.

Sir JOHN YOUNG rose to combat these positions, and insisted that the proposed remedy was a delusion, and that it would neither benefit landlord nor tenant. Take the case of an unsuccessful man who had paid a large income fine for “improvements.” When he left, he would get his money again, and possibly go to America with it; while the tenant who paid the fine got nothing for his money, which would otherwise have been available for the purchase of stock. Mr. SADLER answered this by putting the case of a tenant whose landlord was obliged to sell in the Encumbered Estates Court. The new landlord walked in, and coolly took possession of all improvements. Was not that wrong?

“The practice existing in Ireland was very different from that existing in this. In the former country it is the tenant occupier who risks his money and means, the expense, anxiety, and inconvenience of making permanent improvements. This state of things creates in the breasts of the people a passion for the land they have so improved, and creates the notion that he is really a partner in the proprietorship of the land. But the tenant has no security that he may not be turned out to-morrow, and lose all the benefit of his exertions. It is, therefore, very desirable that some alteration should take place which would leave unchecked the spirit, enterprise, and industry of the tenant occupier who has the spirit to make those improvements which his landlord is unwilling to undertake.”

Mr. OSBORNE characterised the bill as a measure of spoliation, and denounced the Tenant Right Leaguers as dishonest in the main; yet he was favourable to some alteration in the present law. He also, like Mr. Hume, mixed up tenant right with “communist theories,” maxims of M. Proudhon, and other strong phrases intended as censure. Lord JOHN RUSSELL made a statement of what course the Government had followed on this question. When they came into office, they found bills on the subject, which were taken and submitted to a committee. From these bills one was framed, which “rather came under the designation of a sensible bill;” but it did not at all follow, because a bill was a sensible bill, that it would be acceptable to the people of Ireland. (*Laughter.*) On the contrary, it would have been made a text-book for agitators; and as he found that it did not meet the views of the tenant-right leaguers, it was withdrawn. Mr. Bright had sent him a set of propositions, which he had read, and forwarded to Ireland. They were considered by the Irish Privy Council, and returned, as not adapted to the evil. Thereupon, Lord John Russell came to the conclusion last year, that in the then temper of Ireland, any bill that he might introduce would only furnish a source for fresh agitation, and consequently he abstained altogether. The question was one of “infinite difficulty,” and he was not prepared to legislate upon it. He did not oppose the introduction of the bill—for what would be said out of doors if he should? Mr. KEOGH followed Lord John Russell, and exposed the tactics of ministers on this measure ever since they had been in office. Lord John Russell had promised a bill to amend the laws relating to landlord and tenant. He had opposed the enactment of an Arnis Act, under Sir Robert Peel's ministry, in 1846, on the ground that an equitable adjustment of this land-question had not been tried as a remedy for agrarian outrage. He had since laid on the table, year by year, bills on this subject, all of which he had coquetted and toyed with, and not carried, and now he refused to legislate at all. The present government had paltered with the question in every sense.

“When out of office, they had excited the people of Ireland to most extravagant expectations, and in office, when it would no longer serve the purposes of their administration, they allowed the question, which they themselves had created, to drop to the ground, and now assailed those who, upon their invitation, first became advocates of the measure.” (*Hear, hear, and cheers.*)

Mr. BRIGHT stated the history of his own bill. It had been submitted to some Irish Members on both sides of the House, who had generally approved of it; but a large class of Irish Members objected to it; and under those circumstances he thought that he, not connected with Ireland, had better not bring forward the measure. But he was glad to see the question discussed, and he should support the second reading of Mr. Crawford's bill, as approving of this one proposition—that the subject required legislating upon. "The noble lord at the head of the Government, in a very dexterous speech, had been endeavouring to back out of the difficulty in which he found himself upon this question." (Cheers from the Opposition.) "The Government bill was so arranged that it could not have been of any use in any case whatever. The fact was, there were Irish proprietors in the Cabinet, and, without imputing any base motives to them, how could we expect them to legislate on this question?"

"Irish proprietors in the Cabinet, and generally in that house, and generally throughout Ireland, were afraid of any bills interfering with the powers and privileges which a parliament of landowners for ages past had constantly been conferring on the owners of the soil. (Hear, and cheers.) That was the question. Could cats wisely and judiciously legislate for mice?" (Laughter.)

Wrong had long existed under the law,—wrong which flagrantly violated the principles of political economy; and although men fancied they profited by the existence of that law, Parliament should say at once that the law had been wrong and unjust from the beginning.

Mr. WHITESIDE defended the landlords, but admitted that the state of the law called for alteration. After a few words from Mr. AGLIONBY and Mr. LENSARD, leave was given to bring in the bill.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

At the Friday sitting of the House of Lords, the LORD CHANCELLOR expressed his very great "surprise" at hearing an announcement of the intention of Ministers to lay a bill for the reform of the Court of Chancery on the table, on the 16th. He could not see how they could have had time to frame it on the basis of the report of the Commission only just issued.

The LORD CHANCELLOR explained away his surprise on Thursday. The statement of Lord John Russell, that the Solicitor-General would lay the Bill on Chancery Reform before the House of Commons on Monday had originated in a misunderstanding between the noble lord and the Solicitor-General. The measure was not by any means ready for presentation.

The House has been chiefly engaged in conversations on law matters; the speakers being as usual, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Ellenborough, and the Lord Chancellor.

The result of one of these amiable discussions appeared on Tuesday, in the shape of a bill, presented by Lord Lyndhurst, to enable each House of Parliament to take up measures prepared and passed in the one, and dropped in the other, for want of time to consider and convert them into law. This is intended to obviate the standing grievance of which their lordships complain, that all the work of the session is thrown on the last few weeks.

LORD RODEN called the attention of Ministers, on Tuesday, to the state of certain districts in Ireland, where, at present, a reign of terror and intimidation prevailed to such an extent, that murders were perpetrated in open day, and conviction of the murderers seemed impossible, for they were shielded by the confederacy of a whole population. Gentlemen dared not stir out unarmed, and even when hunting, rode with pistols in their pockets. He wished to know whether Government was prepared to have recourse to exceptional measures for the repression of this state of things, as ordinary means and a special commission had entirely failed?

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE lamented the evil, and defended the Government. He could not say that the special commission had failed—had there not been "one conviction."

"Fresh measures, consistent with the law and constitution, were being prepared to vindicate the justice of the country. From information which had reached him, he felt justified in entertaining a confident expectation that those measures would be effectual in repressing the mischief complained of. He thought that, until all those measures had been exhausted and found to fail, no measure inconsistent with the general law and constitution of the country ought to be adopted by Parliament. He was ready, however, to declare that if those measures were exhausted, it would be the duty of Government to consider how far, by any measure, life and property could be secured; for that was the first object of all law and all government, whether constitutional or otherwise. He hoped that Government would not be pressed to adopt extraordinary measures at present, and that Parliament

would watch closely whether it performed its duty. Government would take care that in those districts where, by the criminal connivance of some, and by the intimidation of others, all feeling of security had been withdrawn, no advantage should accrue to those who, by their connivance at such a system of outrage, were almost equally guilty with those who aided in its continuance."

At the end of his reply, however, he said:—

"In the course of the present session an opportunity would be afforded the noble earl to consider whether a more adequate provision for securing the advantage of security and tranquillity in Ireland could not be devised by re-enacting the bill for the repression of crime and outrage in that country—a bill which had been most advantageous in other parts of Ireland, and in the south to a degree which was quite unparalleled."

Lord Londonderry, the Marquis of Westmeath, and the Earl of Desart joined in a harmonious chorus, in attributing the late agrarian murders to the efforts and doctrines of the "Tenant-League!"

In reply to Lord FITZWILLIAM, Lord GRANVILLE made a statement respecting the outrage on Mr. Mather at Florence, substantially the same as that already made by Lord John Russell and the daily journals. No further information had been received as to the result of the judicial inquiry into the conduct of the Austrian officer. Lord Granville took occasion to state, amid the cold and superb silence of listening lords, that he had amply apologized to the United States for the insult inflicted on the *Prometheus* by the brig *Express* at Grey Town.

NEW BILLS.—Some new bills have been introduced this week in the House of Commons. On Tuesday, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON procured a resolution from the House, agreeing that a bill should be brought in to amend the laws relating to the sale of beer; Mr. MILNER GIBSON obtained leave to bring in a bill to establish County Financial Boards; and Mr. AGLIONBY a bill to effect a compulsory enfranchisement of lands of copyhold and customary tenure.

VENTILATION OF THE HOUSE.—After a long and lively discussion, the following motion, made by Mr. OSBORNE, and seconded by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, on Wednesday, was carried, on a division, by 96 to 68:—

"1. That Dr. Reid be authorized to complete such temporary arrangements as are imperatively necessary at present for the maintenance of a better atmosphere during the sittings of the House.

"2. That the warming, lighting, and ventilation of the House of Commons and its libraries shall be placed under one responsible authority.

"3. That Dr. Reid be called upon to submit forthwith a full report of all the measures he considers essential for the health and comfort of the House, together with an estimate of the probable expense, and the time which he would require for the execution of the works; also to state specially what plan he would propose for the lighting of the House."

INCOME-TAX COMMITTEE.—On the motion of Mr. HUME, the Select Committee was re-appointed to inquire into the present mode of assessing and collecting the Income and Property-tax, and whether any other mode of levying the same, so as to render the tax more equitable, could be adopted, and to nominate the following members:—Mr. Hume, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Henley, Mr. Vesey, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. James Wilson, Mr. Ricardo, Mr. Roback, Colonel Romilly, Lord Harry Vane, and Mr. Sotherton.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD EDUCATION SCHEME.—At the time appointed for reading private bills on Wednesday, Mr. Brotherton moved the second reading of the Manchester and Salford Education Bill. The object of this bill was to provide for the free education of all the poor inhabitants of the boroughs of Manchester and Salford, by means of a local rate, to be administered by the town councils of the two boroughs. The petition for the bill had been signed by 40,000 out of 60,000 of the rate-payers. Mr. BROWN seconded the motion, expressing a general concurrence in the bill, and his desire that it might be referred to a committee upstairs. Mr. GIBSON, Mr. BRIGHT, Mr. FOX, and Mr. HUME opposed the second reading at that time, and asked for a delay, in order that the corporation of Manchester might express their opinion on the measure. A more serious objection was urged by Mr. GLADSTONE. He thought it was very doubtful whether a bill of such importance in a national and public point of view ought to be entertained as a local and private bill at all. He denied that the bill only affected Manchester, and justly asserted that a measure involving principles of such magnitude as those necessarily at the root of a measure on education, affected the whole kingdom. The House might commit itself to a principle which would hamper its future decisions on national education. There was a great abuse in private bill legislation. It seemed almost as great an anomaly to have a local education bill for Manchester as it would have been to have a parliamentary reform and franchise bill for Manchester.

The supporters of the second reading were Mr. WILLIAM PATTEN and Mr. CARDWELL. The latter made an ineffectual attempt to efface the impression which his old colleague, Mr. Gladstone, had produced. He urged that there had been time enough for the authorities of Manchester to pronounce an opinion, and that there could not be a fitter time than twelve o'clock on Wednesday to debate the principle of the bill. He said, also, that as all general bills had hitherto failed, there was no course left open for Manchester to obtain a private bill for itself. As no leading Cabinet Minister was on the Treasury bench, Sir FRANCIS BARING suggested that the delay of one week should be accorded; and, consequently, the second reading was ordered for Wednesday next.

PRESERVED MEATS FOR THE NAVY.—Sir WILLIAM JOLLIFFE moved, on Thursday, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the contracts, and the mode of making them, for the supply of meat provisions for the use of Her Majesty's navy during the years 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, and 1851; into the causes which have led to the receiving into the Government stores, and to the issuing for the use of Her Majesty's ships on foreign service, certain preserved meats, which have proved to be unfit for human food; and into the means by which an occurrence so prejudicial to the public service may most effectually be prevented. Mr. PHILIP MILES seconded the motion. It was met by Sir FRANCIS BARING on the part of the Government, who moved an amendment extending the inquiry so far back as 1841. He was afraid the move had a prejudice against foreign meats only. The Admiralty were most anxious that the inquiry should be full and rigorous. The motion was supported and the Admiralty attacked by Colonel CHATTERTON, Mr. WILLIAM MILES, and Colonel SIBTHORPE, who mildly suggested as regarded the Admiralty that "too many cooks spoiled the broth." Explanations were offered but not made, by Admiral BEKELEY, Captain SCOBELL, and Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR. The motion as amended was agreed to.

CUSTOMS REFORM.—Mr. MITCHELL moved for and obtained the appointment of the following gentlemen as a Select Committee on the Customs:—Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Goulburn, Mr. Gladstone, Sir John Yarde Buller, Sir George Clerk, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Alderman Thompson, Mr. Forster, Mr. McGreg, Mr. Archibald Hastie, Mr. Alderman Humphrey, Mr. Moody, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Tennent.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER VII.

Paris, Tuesday, February 10, 1852.

THE hostility of the higher classes to the Government is daily gaining in intensity. The Confiscation Decrees have stirred the long dormant instincts of legality. The *bourgeoisie* are setting to work at Orleansist conspiracies. They applaud and encourage the legal resistance of the Princes of the house of Orleans. L. Bonaparte is furious. Expressions are attributed to him which reveal the depth of his resentment. "I will crush the hydra of the *bourgeoisie*," he is reported to have exclaimed, in a passion. Persigny, too, has expressed himself in terms which are but a commentary on the President's. "We will make use of the waistcoats to brush the coats." This language foreshadows a new policy. It is an intimation that L. Bonaparte intends to look, as a last resource, to the lower classes for that support which the higher classes deny him; hence the sudden cessation of rigorous measures against mere operatives and peasants compromised in the insurrection of December. The Government of L. Bonaparte has not thought one circular enough inviting the prefects to set at liberty "misguided" persons. Another circular has been addressed by the three Ministers of the Interior, of Justice, and of War collectively, to all the civil and military authorities, instructing them to set at liberty the persons designated by the former circular. All the courts-martial are ordered to suspend their labours; all the military commissions are dissolved, and replaced by mixed commissions composed of the prefect, the military commandant, and the procureur of the Republic. They will pronounce sentences without delay on the prisoners, more or less gravely compromised, who have not been released in pursuance of the circular of January 20. The punishments are graduated according to a scale:—1. Trial by Court-martial. 2. Transportation to Cayenne. 3. Transportation to Algeria. 4. Expulsion from France. 5. Temporary banishment. 6. Confinement within limits of a certain locality to be determined. 7. Commitment for trial by Correctional Police. 8. Surveillance of the Police. 9. To be set at liberty on condition of never mingling again in political affairs. This circular is very curious in form, as it enjoins the mixed commissions to apply these penalties, not according to the degree of culpability, but according to the political antecedents of the accused. Paris, and the nine Departments comprised in the first division, remain subject to the régime of military commissions.

A great number of prisoners have been released in

* "Nous nous servirons des vestes pour brosser les habits."

compliance with these orders. It was high time to endeavour by an alleviation of rigorous measures to arrest the strong current of indignation which was setting in as the first prostration of defeat hardened into a sullen resistance, especially among the rural population, decimated and reduced to poverty by persecution and arrests. In the central and southern departments, however, numerous arrests had just been effected: and a journal published at Vaulxue stated, that at the very time when about a hundred prisoners were being set at liberty, a far larger number were on their way to the prisons of Avignon and Apt. Many who had taken flight, and had sought shelter and escape in the Alps, surrendered themselves, almost from sheer exhaustion. The fortresses on the littoral (among others) Fort Lamalque at Toulon, and the Chateau d'If, that ancient state prison, were gorged with Republicans, literally heaped together pell-mell. The Chateau de Blaye, the prisons of Perpignan, of Nevers, of Bourges, were not large enough to contain these masses of unfortunate men, whom authority now deigns to call "misguided," rather than criminal. As it is, their free discharges are only granted on conditions. A promise to abstain wholly from politics is exacted, as I have already mentioned. The bourgeois class is excepted from these milder measures: in proportion as severity towards the humbler class relaxes, it redoubles in violence against persons of higher station. Thus, at Châtillon (Côte d'Or), five persons, all of the bourgeois class, have been arrested. The Departments of the Gironde, and others, are still ravaged by arrests. At Marseilles, the famous Jean Rigne, supreme chief of the Society of the Mountain, and organizer of the insurrection in the Var, has been seized. The new circular of the 3rd instant, suspending the sittings of courts-martial, the trials (or rather I should say) the condemnations at Clamecy, are interrupted, but not before sentence of death has been passed on many, among others, MM. Jouauni and Corasse. The former of these gentlemen has written a very striking letter to his wife, in which he begs her to take courage. "It is not your husband that you ought to pity, but his accusers."

The affair of the confiscation of the Orleans property is entering upon a new phase. On the 14th inst., the Princes will put up for sale, at the Palace de Justice, 1. The Pavillon du Wurtemberg. 2. A house and lands situated at Neuilly, at a declared price of 111,000 francs. As these properties are included in the decrees, the sale will doubtless be formally opposed by the legal administrators of the domains, and on this issue the whole suit will probably be founded. It is the old Procureur Dupin that has plotted this wily game. The bare announcement of the suit has whetted the curiosity of all Paris with a lively expectation of amusement at a conflict of some kind or other between law and power. In the meantime, copies of an autograph letter from the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville to the testamentary executors of Louis Philippe are passed from hand to hand. The executors are thanked for having done what they deemed their duty after the decrees had appeared. In this letter the two princes protest with extreme energy against the recitals of the decree, which are of a nature to disgrace the memory of their father. M. Dupin's letter resigning his post of Procureur of the Court of Cassation is also circulated privately. As it was forbidden to print this letter, manuscript copies have been offered for sale at from five to twenty francs a piece! So that the government gains nothing by the interdiction, unless it be to have stimulated public curiosity. The sensation created in the provinces, and especially in the large towns, by these decrees, is as strong as ever. The impression has been equally lively and profound; but by no class more acutely felt than by the functionaries of the last dynasty who still compose the chief strength of the administration. Even the clergy have protested. Two cardinals are mentioned as having refused the functions of senator, and six bishops have written to protest against the decrees. The Bishop of Rennes was the first to set the example. To make the working-classes and the priests accomplices in his violation of the rights of property, L. Bonaparte had declared by the last clause of the decree that the product of the sales would be devoted to charitable institutions and pious foundations. The Bishop of Rennes, in the name of the clergy of his diocese, was the first to renounce his share of the proffered bribe. He was soon followed by the Archbishop of Reims, the Bishops of Lucon and Quimper in a similar protest and rejection. The most contradictory reports are flying about respecting these unfortunate decrees. Will they be executed or not? One minister is reported to have avowed that had he anticipated the difficulties and the clamours that would ensue, they would never have been published. Another minister, on the other hand, to have declared that they will be executed to the strictest letter, and that if, as is threatened, there be no bidders, the state will advance to duly authorized persons the sums required for the purchase. I rather incline to believe in the latter report. Indeed, I have been assured that the government has dispatched orders to take instant possession of all the domains, without, however, as yet fixing the time of sale. This first step towards carrying the decrees into execution, has revived the reports that the President intends to reimburse "the state"

the indemnity of the *émigrés*, and to revise the Feuchères suit, with a view to cancel the will of the Prince de Condé, and so to seize the immense property of his heirs. These rumours are strengthened by the fact of Chantilly, sometime the residence of Queen Hortense, being included in their possessions. Let me say a word on the present state of public feeling. The Legitimists are coldly hostile, and are supported by the priests, as a body, to such a degree, that L. Bonaparte begins to despair of reconciling them. The Orleanists are profoundly, bitterly hostile, and almost openly conspire. The Republican party is beginning to reform its scattered members. The Parisian bourgeoisie is by no means contented. No *fêtes*, no public receptions, is the order of the day, both of the noblesse of the Royal Faubourg and of the bourgeoisie. A great many hotels are closed as if it were the depth of the dead summer season. The tradesmen are beginning to suffer very severely from this organized dearth of gaiety—to suffer, and to repent! Paris is become a comparative desert! No more life, no more animation, no more movement in pleasure, or in business. Everybody regrets the past, distrusts the present, and fears the future. The few *salons* that still persist in remaining open are under the rigorous surveillance of the police.

A gentleman recently presented himself at the house of the wife of an ex-representative, who still receives her friends, with a request to be admitted to her *soirées*. "In what character do you present yourself, sir," said the lady. "In the character of an *agent de police*, madam," replied the gentleman, handing her, with an easy and graceful assurance, his official card. "I have another request to make, madam: it is to be kind enough to let me look over your list of invitations." When the lady had complied with this summons, her visitor returned the list with many excuses: "I have to beg your pardon, madam, for giving you the trouble: it was quite unnecessary; there are four of my colleagues on your list of invitations. It would be superfluous in me to add to the number." From this anecdote, which you may rely upon, you may form an idea of the dullness and desolation of the *salons* at the present moment.*

They are mute as the Press—mute as the National Tribune! This forced silence is of all other inflictions the most odiously repugnant to the French character. It may have once lasted fourteen years under the Empire; but then there was a genuine compensation: the whole force of public feeling and of national spirit was absorbed in "glory," and "glory" replaced liberty. In our day, nothing of the kind. Therefore it is felt more widely and forcibly than ever that Bonaparte is a lost man, unless he can create a diversion in the public mind by WAR. *This is the universal conviction.* It is positively stated that a decree, annexing Belgium to France, has already been on the point of appearing in the *Moniteur*, and that it is still kept ready for publication. A treaty with Austria for the disposal of Italy is also spoken of. The Pope is to be deprived of his temporal power, but to retain an exalted position, and to be confirmed in absolute spiritual authority. Rumours of war are rife; and it is even said that an important personage declined his nomination to the Senate, from refusal to sanction a forthcoming *Senatus-Consultum*, which is to declare united to France the entire "departments" of Belgium, Savoy, and Piedmont. Another incentive to war is the necessity of finding some aliment for the army. The army are discontented, ashamed of the part they have been made to play. They must be active abroad, or troublesome at home. Three attempts have been made to assassinate L. Bonaparte: all three from the army. The first is said to have been by a sergeant: the second, by a private: the third, by an officer. The culprits were seized, and shot then and there. Even the generals are displeased.—General St. Arnaud, Minister of War, not excepted. He permits himself to be betrayed into lampooning "his Prince." Here is a specimen "of his quality." "Nothing is easier under the present happy régime than to replace the Republican device, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*; we have only to write on the walls, *Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, on se passera du génie*."

A new motive for the discontent of the generals is the clause of the Electoral Law which forbids to them, as to all other public functionaries, admission to the Legislative body. Many of them were sure of their election. MM. Lebreton, Chasseloup-Laubat, and several others, do not even disguise their indignation.

Another cause of the army's dissatisfaction is, that they are, in fact, deprived of their right of voting. Officers and soldiers, unattached, may vote in their own communes, but not those who are in actual service. The army discover, too late, that on the 4th December, they were, in fact, extinguishing, not merely the lives of their fellow-citizens, but their own rights and liberties.

* This anecdote (or a similar one) has appeared in the correspondence of a morning journal. Re-appearing in this shape, from another and quite independent source, it acquires a double confirmation.—Ed.

† The play upon the word *génie* ("genius," and also "engineers,") evaporates in any attempted translation into English.—Ed.

The other citizens will at least enjoy their universal suffrage; the soldiers are excommunicate.

People begin to talk of the elections which are fixed for the 29th inst. The object of the Ministerial anxieties is the confederation of a list of candidates, as to which nothing is settled as yet. The courtyards of the Ministerial hotels are crowded with carriages, and their ante-chambers paved with semi-official ambitions. The preparatory lists concocted jointly by the Ministers and the *Préfets* will be submitted to the President for selection. It has been decided that the Government list shall not be published in the *Moniteur*. This decision is attributed to the apprehension of partial defeat, which, if not certain, are certainly probable. The Government is so apprehensive of this trial, that at this moment its absorbing pursuit is how to make the ballot urns produce none but Ministerial candidates. Many and diverse are the schemes of the *coterie* of the Elysée. Some of the court lacqueys propose, that the vote shall be given by "Yeas" or "Noes" on the list presented by Government. For my own part, (between you and me, and the Elysée), I have a far simpler plan to propose. Let the voting be by black and white balls—only white balls to be admitted into the urn. This would ensure a favourable result. A few Legitimists have presented themselves with a request to Government to support them: but Government, now deeply distrustful that party, reply that not only no support will be given, but immediate expulsion from France will be their reward for coming forward as candidates. I really don't see, then, why L. Bonaparte should be anxious about the election. He has only to whisk away any disagreeable candidate, and *he presto!* the votes are unanimous—in favour of M. L. Bonaparte.

Meanwhile electoral circulars are rigidly forbidden (simply by refusing to authorize printers to print them): *à fortiori*, electoral meetings. Now, if L. Bonaparte is taking such elaborate measures of precaution, the fact is, it is a question of life and death to him. The elections must be Bonapartist. At any price, and at all risks, the majority of 7,500,000 must be got up again. It will be got up, then. Notwithstanding, Legitimists and Orleanists are everywhere candidates, the Republicans stand aloof. My previsions about Jérôme Bonaparte are fulfilled. The Nephew was afraid of the Uncle: he was afraid the Uncle might reveal the fact that the Nephew was no nephew at all! Old Jérôme will have more than 200,000 francs, (8000*l.*) as President of the Senate: he will have, in fact, 150,000 francs (6000*l.*) salary, and 80,000 francs (3200*l.*) for *fraix de représentation*: (a conveniently expansive officialism, signifying the expenses of a proper establishment and entertainments suitable: kitchen, stable, and table expenses—the salary being, in fact, "pocket-money.") Total, 280,000 francs. He keeps, besides, his place of Governor of the Invalides, and his salary as marshal, making a grand total of salaries of 330,000 francs (13,200*l.*)

I had always suspected this old sinner Jérôme, who ran away en bravant the commencement of the Russian campaign, of being a capital hand at making up a little purse of his own. His skilful behaviour in keeping all his salaries together, confirms my opinion. The rumours which were so current last week about the financial projects of L. Bonaparte, acquired such a consistency, that the Government felt bound to give them an official contradiction:—1, by a note in the *Constitutionnel*; 2, by a note in the *Moniteur*; 3, by a heavy article (from the Long Tom) in the *Constitutionnel* again.

The secret of these denials is as follows:—Their financial measures are really decided on, but they will not see the light till after the elections. Up to that time existing interests must be coaxed. Don't believe him for a moment when he says that he has renounced these projects, or that he never entertained them; or both.

I discussed some of these measures in my last letter. The Income-Tax is to be the leading measure. Comprising, as it would do, government stocks and shares in public companies, it would reach a considerable number of persons. According to the general financial statement on the 1st January, 1851, the consolidated debt then represented (in a capital sum) 5,345,637,360 francs, and was in the hands of 823,790 persons. Among the underhand measures now in contemplation we must reckon the Monopoly of Assurances by the State. All immovable properties would be insured by the State, by means of an augmentation in the quota of the Land Tax. This is the celebrated project of M. Emile de Girardin. The man is driven into exile, and his measures are stolen without acknowledgment.* A duty on notaries, attorneys, and bailiffs' licences and certificates is also proposed. Finally, these last few days I have heard of a project which would enable Bonaparte to discount the taxation. This project would consist in issuing what you would call Exchequer Bills, by small instalments, bearing interest, and to a total amount equal to the year's revenue. This combination would not only serve to discount the product of the taxes, but it would also be an infallible means of coining cash in eventualities which we all foresee.

* A very usual ministerial proceeding in England.

As the Bourse was violently agitated by all these threatening rumours of projects and measures, L. Bonaparte feigned a retreat; but his decrees are only adjourned. His intention is very clear—to caress the lower classes, on whose support he relies, and to strike the rich classes, who are hostile to him. He will, therefore, lighten the indirect taxation, which falls upon the former, and, on the other hand, augment the direct taxes, which fall upon the latter. *Au reste*, it is the same with financial as with political questions; in neither case will Louis Bonaparte suffer any control. He is determined to dispose of the entire resources of the budget (1500 million francs=60,000,000*l.*) at his own free will and pleasure, and render no account to living man. The Legislative *corps* will vote the Budget of receipts, but it won't vote the Budget of expenditure. A round sum will be appropriated to each Ministry; but the apportionment and the vote of the different estimates will be henceforth abolished. What a capital milch-cow is France for the son of Admiral Verhel!

A decree has just appeared in the *Moniteur* re-establishing convents for women. So here we are landed again in 1825. One step further, and we shall be refreshed again with the sight of Capuchins, Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Celestines, Augustines, &c. &c. The *considerant* of this decree declares that it is "in the interest of the people" that the measure is taken.

Thursday, Feb. 5th, was the reception at the Academy of M. Montalembert. On these occasions it is the custom for the newly-admitted member to deliver an address in eulogy of his predecessor. M. de Montalembert, in mentioning a history of the French Revolution, by M. Droz (his predecessor), attacked with extreme violence the principles of 1789; that is to say, all the rights and all the liberties of peoples. It was M. Guizot who had been commissioned to reply to M. de Montalembert. He did so in noble language, taking occasion, in contrast with the new Academician, to defend Constitutional Government. The two discourses were not allowed to appear in the public journals until they had undergone due mutilation from the Censorship. Four passages of the address of M. de Montalembert were suppressed.

The secret of Lord Palmerston's retirement is now known in France. The good English public has been befooled, just as we are befooled here in France, by the truth being kept from us. It is the *Gazette d'Augsburg* that has given us the key of the mystery which had been refused to your curiosity. This journal receives, as you know, the semi-official communications of the Cabinet of Vienna. This is the note published in its columns on the subject:—

"Whatever the English journals may say, it is certain that Lord Palmerston was driven from office by the remonstrances of the great Powers. Such a fact may be disagreeable to England, but it is true. A collective note was addressed to the British Cabinet, by the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. In substance, this note was as follows:—'It is useless to insist once more upon the dangers which the plots of the refugees in London are preparing for the Continent: it is equally useless to recal the desire expressed by the English Cabinet to abstain from extending its protection to these intrigues; it is enough to recal to the mind of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that we have never applied, against British subjects on the continent, the principle which Lord Palmerston himself expounded in 1848 to the Government of the United States, on the occasion of the arrest of two Americans in Ireland. At that time not only did Lord Palmerston justify that arrest, but he invoked the principle that every government is supreme within its own territories, and, consequently, has the right to remove any foreigner whom it may suspect of an intention to disturb the public tranquillity.'"

To this note the British Minister found it quite impossible to reply: but, it seems, feeling the absolute necessity of submitting to the opinion of his colleagues, who were inclined to give satisfaction to the demands of the great Powers, he never appeared again at the Council Board, but sent in his resignation instead. It results, then, that the infraction of ministerial discipline or of official etiquette was but a pretext to save over the susceptibility of the national pride.

General Cavaignac has accepted the candidatureship of the 3rd arrondissement at Paris. He has, personally, great probabilities of success. The Orleanist Opposition has also put forward the names of MM. Delassart and Mortimer Ternaux.

MM. Marc Dufraiss and Gueppo, ex-representatives, who had been marked by Bonaparte for transportation to Cayenne, have just been set at liberty, with orders to quit France within forty-eight hours. The several detachments, the *employés* and agents destined for the pretended colony of Cayenne, have received orders to embark at Brest. S.

MILTON'S MUSIC.—The instruments which Milton preferred as a musician, were, his biographers tell us, the organ and the bass-viol. This fact seems to us to be not without its significance.—*North British Review*, No. XXXII.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

MARTIN MERINO, the Spanish regicide, was executed by strangulation on Saturday, the 10th inst., after having suffered civil degradation by having his priest's robes stripped off. He was tried summarily by the ordinary tribunals, and his advocate was refused permission by the court to obtain evidence of the prisoner's insanity. He was sixty-three years of age, an ex-friar of the Franciscan order, but secularized in 1821. He had been saying mass at the church of San Sebastian on the morning of his crime.

The circumstances of the attempt were briefly these. The queen was traversing the long gallery which leads from the palace chapel to the royal apartment, when an aged man in the garb of a priest advanced from the crowd and threw himself on his knees before her. The queen supposing him to be a petitioner, held out her hand, having the infant child in her arms, when the assassin drew a knife from his robes and stabbed the queen with violence just above the groin: the queen uttered a piercing shriek, but did not fall or lose her presence of mind. She handed over the child to the king. The assassin was in the act of aiming a second blow when his hand was arrested by Count Pino Hermoso of the royal household, whose fingers were nearly cut off in the struggle. The queen made an attempt to proceed but almost immediately fainted in the arms of a lady in waiting. Her first thought was about her child. All this time a vast concourse of persons waited for the royal procession at the church of Atocha. When the assault was known, great sympathy and consternation prevailed among the loyal population of Madrid. They would have torn the assailant to pieces had it not been for a strong guard. All the authorities attended at the palace with anxious inquiries. The queen is said to have suffered from fever and nightmare for a few nights, but the unfavourable symptoms were subdued, and by the latest accounts she was declared to be completely out of danger. The stab must have been exceedingly violent, as the dagger passed through heavy velvet robes, undergarments, and stays, and inflicted a wound nearly three inches deep. The conduct of the prisoner after his arrest was hardened, brutal, and cynical in the extreme. He showed no remorse for the crime, but regretted that he had not effected a great good for society. He had intended to assassinate the Queen Mother and Narvaez. He appears to have served in the Carlist armies, and to have been for some time exiled from Spain. He behaved with extreme insolence and perfect composure to the last. His last hours are described by the correspondent of a daily journal:—After the regicide was placed in *capilla*, two clergymen constantly attended him. He said to one of them who offered to confess him—"I thought some honest friar would have been sent to me for the purpose. As to you, I know you too well to have confidence in your ministry. You are as great a reprobate as I am myself. Your conduct is well known to me. Begone." Merino at first quietly listened to the second ecclesiastic, but when the latter spoke to him of hell and his crime, he suddenly stopped him, saying, "Let us not talk of such nonsense. You no more believe in hell than I do. Leave me quiet. I can dispense with your sermons."

The Governor of Madrid having heard that an attempt would be made by the mob to intercept the culprit, and to tear him to pieces on his way to execution, was obliged to issue a proclamation, that any such attempt would be resisted, and that the criminal should die by the hands of the executioner.

The mode of execution (*garrote vil*, as it is called) is described graphically by the *Times*' correspondent. It is an instantaneous death, the sudden compression of the *garrote* squeezing the neck quite flat. The moment a man is doomed in Spain, he is considered as already belonging to another world, and regarded almost with awe. He is attended by all the consolations of his religion, and as he passes through the streets "on a mule of low size," repeating prayers for the dying, and accompanied by the priests, flambeaux are burning in the balconies, and men, women, and children on their knees in the streets praying for his soul. At the place of execution, there is no indecent mirth; when the prisoner is on the platform, and the instrument adjusted, every head is uncovered, and the lips of all in prayer. "At the last moment, too," a groan, but not of disrespect, is uttered by the multitude, "as if it were the last adieu to the soul." This Merino does not appear to have belonged to any conspiracy, but to have been a thoroughly abandoned and desperate man. His crime has made the garb of the priest-hood very suspicious at Madrid.

From the rest of the Continent the news is very scanty. In the Chambers at Turin, the debate on the new press law, restricting observations on foreign governments, has been in warm discussion. The Marquis d'Azeglio has described the measure as not merely politic and necessary in the peculiar relations of Piedmont to her powerful neighbours, but as in itself wise and just. It will probably be carried, as the ministers have made it a cabinet question.

A secret treaty between Austria and France, as to "certain eventualities in Switzerland," is spoken of, whereat Prussia (not being consulted) takes umbrage.

THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF ITALY.

EXPLANATORY ADDRESS BY M. MAZZINI.

The first *conversazione* of the above society was held on Wednesday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, and was attended by some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen. At eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. PETER TAYLOR, who, in opening the proceedings, expressed the pleasure which he felt in introducing for the first time, on such a platform, and to the English public, one of whom he might declare, that the more this nation became acquainted with him, the more was their respect increased, not only for the cause which he advocated, but for his personal conduct while struggling for it. (Cheers.)

M. MAZZINI was received with loud manifestations of sympathy, which he acknowledged in appropriate terms. He then proceeded to say that in consequence of his having been misrepresented on many points, and of his being unable to speak English otherwise than very imperfectly, he had thought it best to reduce his thoughts to writing, and he would now read what he had prepared to the meeting. He then read, amidst frequent outbursts of applause, the following exposition of his views:—

"Three duties are incumbent, I think, upon any man who rises in a foreign land to claim sympathy, or more direct efficient help, for his own country: to state candidly, unreservedly, his own case, his objects, his aims, what he struggles for, from whence his right, the right of his country, is derived; to prove that his aim is possible, practical, not a noble dream, to be perchance realized in far distant uncertain time, but an actual claim of real stirring life, checked or suppressed by evil agencies which may and can be removed; not the fondled thought of a solitary worshipper of the ideal, but the feeling, the heart-pulsation of the millions; not a prophecy, but a line of contemporary history; and lastly, to declare unambiguously, without any cowardly, Jesuitical reticence, what he wants from the land where his appeal is put forward. Thank God and my country I can fulfil these duties. What we, the National Italian party, are, what we want, what we hope, what free England ought to do for us, may be frankly stated to an English audience, without fear or tacticianry precautions. We have nothing to conceal. We can be wrong or right, mistaken or sanguine in some of our intellectual views, but we are, and ever will be, true—true to others as to ourselves. It is a comfort, a comfort that soothes even exile, to be able to say so in a time in which all daring of moral sense seems to be extinct under the atheistical, conventional ties of what they call the political, diplomatic, official world—that is, of a world the mission of which ought to be, speaking out boldly and powerfully the word of the silent unofficial millions. It is a comfort to me, in a time in which no statesman ventures to say to the usurper at his own door, 'You have broken your oath, you have, without the least shadow of necessity, and merely for personal ambition's sake, shot, butchered, transported, pillaged; therefore we cannot transact business with you';—and when even republican manifestoes have promulgated from Paris to the world the impious doctrines now in course of expiation, that a fact is to be accepted, though the righteousness of that fact is denied—to feel that I can eagerly seize this first occasion of expressing summarily the aims and views of the Italian national party, with a wish that everything I say may be remembered by each of you, and prove a test for judging what we have done, and what we shall endeavour to do.

I.

First, then, what we are. The ruling spirit; the general creed—for individual exceptions you will not take to account—of our national party. It is not enough that we have, and claim a right; you must know the direction in which we mean to exercise it. Life is no sacred thing, unless it fulfils, or struggles to fulfil, a mission. Right is a mere assumption, unless it springs from the intended accomplishment of a duty. There have been in these troubled days so many errors engrained on truth, so many sects and heresies defacing our own pure religion of God-like humanity—and there have been—there are still—so many calumnies and accusations heaped, intentionally or not, on Italian liberalism and on myself, that it has grown impossible to state simply my own belief, but one feels bound to declare, first, what his belief is not. This, then I am going to do, as briefly and explicitly as I can. We are not atheists, unbelieving or sceptical. Atheism is despair; scepticism weakness. And we are full with hope, faith, and energy, that nothing, time or events, will quench. Our whole life is an appeal, a protest against brutal force. To whom, if not to God? Between God, the everlasting truth and force—between providence and fatality—can you find an intermediate safe ground for a struggling nation? We believe in God, as we believe in the final triumph of justice on earth—as we believe in an ideal of perfection to be pursued by mankind, in the mission of our country towards it; in martyrdom, which has no sense for the godless; in love, which is to me a bitter irony, if not a promise—the bud of immortality. The analysing, dissolving, dissecting materialist doctrine of the eighteenth century may prove unavoidable, where-

ever and whenever you want to probe, to ascertain the degree of rottenness that is in the state. It cannot go beyond; and we want to go beyond. We want to accomplish an act of creation; to elicit life—collective, progressive life—for the millions, through the millions. Can we do that through anatomy? The cold, negative, destroying work of scepticism was completing under French influence, flourishing with French influence, some 24 years ago, when first I felt that life was "a battle and a march," and chose the way that I shall never desert. It has left behind, still weighing like an incubus on the heart of the nation, a gigantic corpse, aping life. But everybody in Italy knows that it is a corpse. And there it lies, in his state robe, on his state coffin called a throne, with a death-scowl in his hand signed "Gaeta," from which no glittering of French or Austrian bayonets can dazzle our quick Italian eye away. What need have we now of the anatomist's knife? Give us the light of God, the air of God—freedom; the corpse will sink to dust and atoms. Thank God, we have in Italy no other corpse to bury. Aristocracy, royalty, have never been possessed, in our land of municipalities, with real active life. They have been cloud-like phantoms, brought across the history of the Italian element by foreign winds and storms. They will pass away, as soon as we shall be enabled to enjoy our own pure, radiant skies, and breathe unmixed the air that flows from our own cities. Materialism has never been a thing of pure Italian growth. It has sprung up as a reaction against Papacy, and from influences exercised at times when our own genuine spontaneous life was lost, by foreign schools of philosophy. But it is a proud characteristic of the Italian mind—and history, when more earnestly and deeply sifted, will prove, I trust, the truth of what I am saying—that it naturally and continuously aims at the harmonising of what we call synthesis and analysis—theory and practice, and ought to call heaven and earth. It is a highly religious tendency—a lofty instinctive aspiration towards the ideal, only coupled with a strong, irresistible feeling that we ought to realize as much as we can of that ideal in our terrestrial concerns; that every thought ought to be, as far as possible, embodied into action. From our Etruscan towns, built and ruled according to a certain heavenly scheme, down to the 16th century—from the deep religious idea with which the soldier of ancient Rome was identifying his duties towards the City down to the religious symbol, the Canoccio, led in front of our national troops in the middle ages, down from the Italian school of philosophy, founded in the south of the Peninsula by Pythagoras, a religious and a political society at once, down to our great philosophy of the 17th century, in each of whom you will find a scientific system, and a political Utopia—every manifestation of the free, original, Italian genius, has been the transformation of the social earthly medium under the conjunction of a religious belief. Our great Lombard league was planned in Pontida, in an old monastery, the sacred ruins of which are still extant. Our republican parliaments in the old Tuscan cities were often held in the temples of God. We are the children and inheritors of their glorious tradition. We feel that the final solution of the great religious problem, examination of the soul, liberty of conscience, acknowledged throughout and for all mankind, is placed providentially in our hands; that the world shall never be free from organized imposture before a flag of religious liberty waves high from the top of the Vatican; that in such a mission to be fulfilled lies the genius of our initiative, the claim we have on the heart and sympathies of mankind. And we would wither our beautiful faith in the icy streams of atheism! we, whose life has been twice—never forget it!—the unity of Europe, would now, now that we are bent on a more completely national evolution, trample down that privilege under some fragmentary negative creed, assuming the parent thought, and leaving individuality to flow in the vacuum of nothingness. We are not anarchists, destroyers of all authority, followers of Proudhon, the Mephistophiles of democracy. The whole problem of the world is to us one of authority. We do believe in authority: we thirst for authority. Only, we feel bound to ask—Where is it? With the Pope?—with the Emperor?—with the ferocious or idiotic princes, now keeping our Italy dismembered into foreign vice-royalties? Do they guide? Do they educate? Do they believe in themselves? They repress; they organize ignorance; they trample and persecute. They have neither initiating power, nor faith, nor capacity of martyrdom, nor knowledge, nor love. They have Jesuits and spies, prisons and scaffolds. Is that guidance authority? Can we, without desecrating our immortal souls, without betraying the calling of every man, seek truth and act accordingly, bend our knee before them, abdicate into their hands all our Italian feelings, and revere them as teachers, merely because they are surrounded by bayonets and gendarmes? We want authority, not a phantom of authority; religion, not idolatry; the hero, not the tyrant. Our problem is an educational one. Despotism and anarchy are equal foes to education. We spurn them both. The first cancels liberty; the second society; and we want to educate free agents for a social task. We are not terrorists. That again we leave to the weak. Terrorism is weakness. It has always been my deep conviction that the French *Régne de la Terreur* was nothing but cowardly terror in those who organized the system. They crushed because they feared to be crushed; and they crushed all those by whom they feared to be

crushed. They lost the revolution; and that prolonged red trace which they left behind their graves is still the most powerful enemy that French revolution has to encounter within the heart of the millions. We have nothing to do with it. True terror—terror to the foes—is energy, energy of bold, continuing, devoted action; the rushing to the frontier of countless, shoeless, penniless volunteers, intoxicated with the Marseillaise and with worship for the sacred name of indivisible France—the true saviours in 1793 of the republic; the proclamation, in which the Sicilian patriots of 1848 were saying to the government, "We shall rise and conquer on such a day if you do not fulfil your promise," and the subsequent rising; the Lombard barricades begun, at the very moment in which imperial concessions were placarded, by people who had only in their possession 400 fowling-pieces—our own, removing all sentries from our doors in Rome, whilst all our troops had been sent out to meet and send back the King of Naples at Velletri, and the French invaders were under the walls, and threatening advances were coming of an intended attempt from a Popish party against our persons. Against whom should we apply terrorism in Italy? There were in France, during the great revolution, sufficient causes—not for justifying, but for explaining, the course adopted: a powerful aristocracy, an army at the frontier, a powerful clergy in the Vendée, a court plotting with the foreign enemy in Paris, a threatening germ of Federalism in the provinces. But where is, in Italy, the internal enemy? Does not the half of our Lombard martyrs' names belong—since 1821, since Gouffonieri's suffering at the Spielberg—to what you call our aristocracy? Did a single man stand up, ready to encounter martyrdom, for the Pope, when we, first in 1831, then in 1840, decreed the abolition of his temporal power? Is there a single foreign honest traveller in Italy—you see that I do not speak of Messrs. Cochrane and Macfarlane—who can trace there the existence of a powerful element hostile to our national party? Is there a man of good impartial sense who doubts that, had not French and Austrian troops interfered, the Pope, far from being reinstated in Rome, would be by this time in Avignon, or Madrid, or perhaps in Dublin. The French troops had landed, Austrians and Neapolitans were marching, and we, compelled as we were to concentrate all our forces in Rome, had not a single soldier—Ancona excepted—throughout the province, when we sent a circular to all municipalities (town councils) in the Roman territory, asking them to declare formally and solemnly whether they wished for the re-enthronement of the Pope or the maintenance of our own republican government? I grounded no hopes on such a manifestation: I knew that no European government would side by the weak. I wanted a historical record that I could exhibit, in after times, to all dispassionate seekers of truth as an index of Italian public opinion; and it came out. From all localities—with the exception of two invaded already by French troops—the answer was unanimous: Republic and no Pope. The documents, all signed, were published during the siege, and the huge volume could now be found, neglected and dusty, amongst other Italian documents in your Foreign-office. Is there any need of Terrorism with such a people? At Milan, during the five days' fighting, Bolza was arrested by the people, Bolza had been, for many years, director of the police—feeling the hatred of the people, and hating. Scarcely a single family in Milan had reached those glorious days without having suffered through him, with it having seen the cold satanic smile of the man whose supreme delight was that of accompanying the police agents ordered to arrest his victims. And they asked—those men fresh from the barricades and breathing revenge—what was to be done with him. One of the improvised military commission, Charles Cattaneo, answered: "If you kill him, it will be mere justice; if you spare him, it will be virtue." Bolza was spared—he is living now. Is there any chance of terrorism with such a people? And it has been so everywhere. Not a single condemnation to death has been pronounced by the republican government in Rome; not a single one under the republican flag of Venice. I feel an immense pity for those who do repeat against us, from time to time, the foul accusation: they can never feel what I felt in witnessing the glorious god-like rising of a people trampled upon for centuries, still generous and clement towards its internal foes as brave against the foreign invaders. Lastly, we are not communists, nor levellers, nor hostile to property, nor socialists, in the sense in which the word has been used by system-makers and sectarians in a neighbouring country. There is a grand social thought pervading Europe, influencing the thinking minds of all countries—hanging like an unavoidable Damocles' sword, over all monopolising, selfish, privileged classes or interests, and providentially breathing through all popular manifestations, through all the frequent conflicts arising between usurped authority and freedom-seeking nations. Revolutions, to be legitimate, must mark a step in the ascending career of humanity; they must embody into practical results some new discovered word of the law of God, the Father and Teacher of all; they must tend to the good of all—not of the few. There are no different, fatally distinct natures, races or castes, on this world of ours—no sons of Cain and of Abel; mankind is one, one is the law for all—Progression; and the mode of realizing it a more and more close association between collective thought and action. Association, to be progressively, step by step, substituted for

isolated efforts and pursuits, is the watchword of the epoch. Liberty and equality are the first, the groundwork, the basis for association, the second, its safeguard. To every step towards association must, therefore, correspond a new development of liberty and of equality. Man is one: we cannot allow one of his families to be suppressed, checked, cramped, or deviated, without all the others suffering—soul and body, thought and action, theory and practice, the heavenly and the terrestrial elements are to be combined, harmonized in him. We cannot justly say to a man, "Starve and love;" we cannot reasonably expect him to improve his intellect while, from day to night, he has to toil in physical machine-like exertion for scanty and uncertain bread. We cannot tell him to be pure and free, whilst everything around him speaks bondage, and prompts him to selfish feelings of hatred and reaction. Life is sacred in both its aspects, moral and material. Every man must be a temple of the living God. What past revolutions have done for the *bourgeoisie*, for the middle class, for the men of capital, the forthcoming revolution must do for the *proletaire*, for the popular classes, for the men of labour. Work for all; fairly apportioned reward to all; idleness or starvation for none. This, I say, is the summed-up social creed of all those who, in the present age, love and know. To this creed we belong; and no national party would be worth the name should it dare to summon up the energies of the whole nation to a contest of life and death for the mere purpose of organizing the renegade *bourgeoisie* of 1830, or the *bourgeoisie* Assembly of 1849. But beyond that we cannot go, we shall never go. The wild, absurd, inhuman dream of communism—the abolition of property, that is, of individuality asserting itself in the material universe—the abolition of liberty by systems of social organization suddenly, forcibly, and universally applied—the suppression of capital, or cutting down the tree for the momentary enjoyment of the fruit—the establishment of equal rewards, that is, the oblivion of the moral worth of the worker—the exclusive worship of material interests, the materialist notion that "life is the seeking of physical welfare," the problem of the kitchen of humanity substituted for the problem of humanity—the Fourierist theory of the legitimacy of all passions—the crude Proudhonian negations of all government, tradition, authority—all those reactionary, short-sighted, impotent conceptions which have cancelled in France all bond of moral unity, all power of self-sacrifice, and have, through intellectual anarchy and selfish terror, led to the cowardly acceptance of the most degrading despotism that ever was—are not and shall never be ours. We want not to suppress, but to improve; not to transplant the activity or the comforts of one class to another, but to open the wide roads of activity and comfort to all; not to enthrone on ruins our own individual idea or crotchet, but to afford full scope to all ideas, and ask the nation, under the guidance of the best and of the wisest, to think, feel, and legislate for herself. And all this we have long ago summed up in that most concise and most comprehensive formula, "God and the people," which from individual writings of twenty years ago has made its way by its own internal vitality, through the ranks of Italian patriots, until it shone, from popular will, on the unsullied flag of Rome and Venice. Depend upon me it will shine there again,—shine on the Alps, shine on the sea, blessing the whole of Italy, equally unsullied, and teaching the nations a fragment of God's everlasting truth.

II.

I have told you what we are: the creed of the Italian national party. It is for the sake of promoting, of realizing as much as possible this creed of ours that we want to be a nation. We want to be. These things that I say now to you would be death in Italy. A fragment of this paper seized in the hands of one of my countrymen in Lombardy, in Rome, in Florence, in Naples, would lead him to imprisonment for life, if not to death. Such is our liberty of expressing thought. A meeting like this would be treated as insurrection; dissolved by musketry and bayonets—execution. A bit of tricoloured ribbon forgotten in the corner of a drawer—and let it be a woman's drawer—brings the owner to prison, often to a more degrading punishment. A rusty dagger, the lock of a musket found in a house, is death or imprisonment for life throughout all the Lombardo-Venetian territory. An Italian threatening, written in night darkness, by an unknown hand, on the wall of a house, is imprisonment or heavy fine to the inhabitants of the house. An Italian Bible read by three persons in a private room is, in Tuscany, in the country of Savonarola, imprisonment and exile. The secret denunciation of a spy—perhaps your personal enemy—is imprisonment and rigorous surveillance (*precetto*). Bengal tricoloured illuminations have led to baggio for twenty years Drosti and his young companions in Rome. Some statistical notes found on a young man, Mazzoni, at the threshold of your consular agent, Freeborn, have been deemed sufficient, a few weeks ago, to doom him to a dungeon. Men like Nardoni and Virginio Celpi, marked as thieves, condemned for forgery, rule, under French protection and Popish blessing, over property, life, and liberty. Prisons are full; thousands of exiles are wandering in loneliness and starvation, from Monte Video to Constantinople, from London to New York, from Tunis or Malta to Mexico. Go wherever you will, that living protest of the Italian national party, the Italian exile, will meet your eye. It has passed before

me, an exile since twenty-two years, in silent, still deeply eloquent continuity, from the remnants of the patrician monarchical emigration of 1821 to the professional middle-class men of 1831; from the young, pure, enthusiastic, prophetic spirits of 1833 to the deluded thousands of Lombard volunteers in 1848, to the Roman men of the people in 1849; some appealing from exile to suicide, some withering in scepticism, the suicide of the soul; others worn out by poverty and cares; and telling me, as I fancied, like ghosts of my country, her woes, her hopes, and her errand—live, suffer, and struggle. Such is the political condition of Italy. You have read all Mr. Gladstone's revelations concerning Naples. Prevail on the writer to go and sojourn for a certain amount of time in Sicily, in Romagna, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, on the Venetian lagoons—in that unconquerable mother of great woes and destinies, Rome. I pledge all my being that similar pages will flow from his honestly indignant, though inconsistently conservative pen. The absence of all political liberty, of all personal security, of all guarantees of justice—the systematic corruption of Italian souls through Jesuits, spies, and ignorance; the systematic and unavoidable plundering of our financial resources; the deadly influence of narrow, weak, suspicious despotism, on our industry, on our trade, on our navigating power—all these must be by this time granted facts with you; my task is higher than a long, sad enumeration of the actual Italian suffering. Are we to be or not to be? Are we doomed, for the sake of a pope, as the French government said, or of an emperor, as some of our so-called statesmen still say, to be the *Parias*, the *Helots* of the nations; or are we entitled to live amongst you the free, full, unfettered, untrammelled life that God grants? This is the question—an entirely moral one between you and me. It does matter little that we are more or less physically tortured—that we are pressed more or less heavily by taxation—that we can feed on cheap or high-rated loaves. I speak of our soul's bread, education and action. We are twenty-five millions of Italians, writing the same language, blessed with the same deep blue skies, roused by the same maternal songs, imbued with the same tendencies, worshipping the same national geniuses—Dante, Colombo, Galileo, Michael Angelo—starting from a glorious common tradition, thrilling at the sight of the one tricoloured national flag, and at the blessed mysterious words of *patria*, Italy, Rome. We long to love and be loved. We think that we have thoughts to impart to our sister nations—thoughts to receive from them; great deeds to achieve through our united efforts; and fragments, as I said, of the law of God to unveil and to apply. We want to commune, to progress—to worship no lies, no idols, no phantoms, but truth, genius, and virtue. And the very configuration of our country, the only truly peninsular in Europe, speaks of unity; and our national frontiers are the Alps and the sea. Are we not, then, entitled to a national life, to a national compact, to a national flag? And when the foreign oppressor comes and tells us, "You shall remain dismembered, slaves, speechless, unhonoured, without a name, without a flag, without an acknowledged mission in Europe," are we to submit, or to struggle? That is the question now before you. If you resolve it in the affirmative, you are bound to help us as far it lies in your power. Could you ever resolve it in the negative, then, indeed, you would be unworthy of the liberty that blesses your shores. Liberty is a principle, or nothing. The great problem to be solved by all those who believe in one God, is, not that man to a certain amount, or under a certain degree of latitude, should be free, but that man, the being created in the image of God, shall be free; that the very name of slavery shall be cancelled from the face of the earth, from the spoken language of all those who can whisper a word of love. We shall struggle—struggle to the last. Help us if you can; for, with my hand on my heart, and a serene yet bold look meeting yours, I can tell you ours is a holy struggle, commanded to us by Providence, and meant for good. Yes, we shall struggle; and when I say this I speak the mind, the unconquerable decision of the millions. We are ripe for liberty and independence. Before 1848 and 1849 I would have uttered these words with hesitation; not now. Thank God, we have proved to all Europe that liberty is with us the watchword of a whole people, and that we could fight and bleed, fall and not despair, for it. Ours is a popular cause. In March, 1848, we drove away a powerful organized Austrian army. Between the city and the sea not a single foreign soldier was to be seen; those who remained had sought a refuge in the fortresses of Mantua, Ticino, and Verona. Our volunteers had reached Tyrol. Who fought those wonderful battles, if not the people? Who are they—the men who died, during the five days, at the barricades of Milan? The official list has been published by Cattaneo. They belong, most of them, to the people. Who, if not the people, fought in 1849 at Bologna, keeping the Austrians during days out of an open town, accessible on every side? Who, if not the people, kept the French troops at defiance in Rome for more than one month? Who, if not the people, endured patiently and unconqueringly, during eighteen months at Venice, continued fighting, pecuniary sacrifices, bombardment, privation, and cholera morbus? Who, if not the people, fought heroically against Haynau at Brescia, after the defeat of Novara? And now, even now, does not the list of condemnations weekly appearing in the official gazettes of the Roman States, of Venice, and of Milan, bear wit-

ness to the tendency of our popular classes? From a valuable series of documents published in the Italian Switzerland, on the national struggles of 1848 and 1849, the Society of the Friends of Italy will have, I trust, one of these days, to draw the materials of a truth in which the feelings of our popular classes will be evinced from facts and ciphers. Meanwhile, let me record here with pride, that in 1848, from Sicily to the Italian Tyrol, one single watchword, "Italia," was to be heard on the lips of our multitudes; that, before 1848, all attempts from the Austrian government to organize a second Galicia, by a communistic war of the peasantry against the landlords in Lombardy, proved unsuccessful against the patriotic feeling of our agricultural population; that such was the predominance of the national element over all others in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, that the March injunction was decided upon and realized when liberal concessions from the Emperor concerning the press and the internal administration were giving hopes of a materially better state of things; and that now, after almost all the revolutionary generation of 1848 and 1849 has been swept away by the storm, dead, imprisoned, or wandering in foreign lands, our secret—for secret it must be—organization throughout the land is so powerful that loan notes, clandestine publications, and messengers, are despatched from town to town with nearly the same degree of security that you have in your own intercourse from London to Dublin and Edinburgh. Thousands belonging to our popular classes are involved in this mysterious underground propagandism, and the secret lies unrevealed. They can shoot or send to bagnios; our clandestine press they cannot seize. These are telling facts. Few struggling nations can exhibit similar proofs of a constant unanimous will.

III.

And now to my third point. What do we want from you? What can England do for us? First, you can give us moral strength: create a strong, compact, organized public opinion in our favour; collect facts; information, positive data concerning our wants, our rights, our struggles, our sufferings; and, through pamphlets, lectures, newspaper articles, scatter them through the land. Speak loudly, unceasingly for us. Do not allow base calumnies to circulate unanswered against our national party. Oppose to them our solemn declarations, our programmes of our acts whenever we have had a field for action. Let the name of Rome appear inscribed on your flags whenever you meet for popular manifestations. Let no meeting take place for liberal popular objects without a voice rising to say, "Remember Rome and Italy. Remember that freedom is a general principle, or a merely selfish impotent concern. Remember that at not a long distance from your glory, a mighty nation, from which your forefathers drew the best part of their life, civilisation, and art, lies groaning under Austrian brutal force and papal soul-corrupting despotism." Let this Society of the Friends of Italy, to whom we owe our actual meeting, be your nucleus of operation, and soon become the enlarged field of a continuous relentless propagandism for Italian liberty and independence. Secondly, you can give us parliamentary official help. Through petitioning, through electioneering questions, through personal influence and suggestions, summon your representatives, and, through them your statesmen, to a more complete view of your national life, to a better moral understanding of England's part and mission in Europe. Tell them that the life of a nation is twofold—internal and external, national and international; that between these two there may be harmony, oneness of purpose, to be accomplished through different manifestations; that England's vital principle is religious, political, commercial liberty; and that it may be represented abroad as within your shores. Tell them that England proclaimed, since 1831, through her statesmen, nonintervention as the ruling principle of her policy in international matters; that England meant then that the principle should be universally accepted, and that each people was to be thenceforward free to settle undisturbed and independent their own domestic concerns; that such a principle, though incomplete and unequal to the fulfilment of our duties—for we must always be ready to interfere for good—would still have proved sufficient if honestly carried into execution, for the triumph of right and liberty throughout all Europe; but that it has been, and is, grossly, insultingly, and systematically violated by the despotic powers, until it has come to this, that though any absolutist emperor, king, or prince could interfere for evil, England should never be allowed to interfere for good. Tell them that, should England have energetically told Russia "You shall not crush Hungary, and told France, you shall not crush Rome," Rome and Hungary would now be free; that Rome and Hungary, recollecting the promises of 1831, were claiming such a word from England; that England's silence was a shame and a sin; that shame, as well as invasion, is death to a nation; that from a will far superior to all political calculations, every sin is, sooner or later, expiated; and bid them look to once proud and powerful, now fallen, France. Tell them that the circle traced by continental scheming despotism is drawing every day closer to your shores; and that imperialist resentments, combined with old autocratic jealousy and plans, ought not to be despised. Tell them that, even if immediate danger were not impending, it is the duty of statesmen to look not merely

to the emergencies of the day, but to more distant times, not merely to the transient present but to the future of their own country; that England is more and more isolating herself in Europe; that whilst no despotic power is actually or ever can be friendly to England, no people amongst those who are unavoidably called to organise themselves by nations will be, once liberty conquered, her friend and ally, unless the seeds of friendly alliance are shown during the struggle; that systematic indifference will lead to nothing in a not far distant future, when the map of Europe shall have to be redrawn, but to old political connexions being lost without any new being found; to old markets for England's industrial activity being closed without any new being opened. And tell them never to forget that the best national defences for England are now placed abroad; that her best resistance to corrupting papal encroachments would be the free emancipated Rome of the people; and that a single bit of our Italian tricoloured flag carried from Naples to Milan, and appealing from there to Hungary and Vienna, would more powerfully divert from England's shores all schemes of invasion or indirect war than any calling of military or increase of naval forces and expenditure. Thirdly and lastly, you can give material help; the material help that European capitalists and loanmongers are lending daily to despotic powers; the material help which, like the body to the soul, is the condition, *sine qua non* of every struggle, even morally carried, of every proscribed manifestation of the thought.

IV.

I have told you what we are, and what we want—what you can give. My brief task is over. May your own soon begin! Through gratefulness for the hospitality I have found on your shores, through intense admiration for many qualities of English mind and heart, through sacred individual affections, which I shall never betray, there is not a thought dearer to me, after the emancipation of my own Italy, than that of a cordial active sympathy, and of a powerful future alliance, between your nation and mine. M. Mazzini having resumed his seat amidst loud reiterated applause, the chairman intimated that he was prepared to answer any questions which any person present might wish to put to him. There was no response to this invitation.

The company then partook of refreshments, and shortly afterwards dispersed.

LORD GRANVILLE ON THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.

IN 1848, certain Americans landed in Ireland, and were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the seditious and revolutionary plans of the Young Irelanders. Lord Palmerston, on that occasion, forwarded a very strong remonstrance to Mr. Bancroft, then envoy from the United States in London, on the subject of proceedings "of the most hostile character towards the British Government" which had then recently taken place in the United States. He complained that "not only had private associations been formed, but public meetings held, for the avowed purpose of encouraging, assisting, and organizing rebellion in Ireland," and he denounced with just indignation the acts of these "conspirators in the United States against the peace of a country in friendly relations with their own Government." He added, that as the powers of the President were very limited to check and discontinue such proceedings, the Americans must not take it amiss that Her Majesty's Government should resort to measures of precaution and of repression in regard to persons, whatever their nationality might be, who in this posture of affairs should come from the United States to this realm.

A parallel case has just arisen. Russia, Austria, France, and the Germanic Diet sent a remonstrance to Lord Granville couched in nearly similar terms, and "urgently demanding" that "immediate and active steps" might be taken by our "Government, to put a stop to those intrigues and conspiracies against the Governments of various European Powers in which foreign refugees now in England are asserted to be engaged." The reply to this insulting demand was made by the new Foreign Secretary on the 13th of January. Lord Granville states the English law, which gives full protection to all persons resident within the limits of our Empire, whether natives or strangers. He points out that in the matters referred to, Royalists as well as Republican exiles have found a refuge among us; and that only in so far as refugees break the law, or come within the jurisdiction of special laws like the Alien Acts, can they be molested, arrested, or punished.

With reference to the intimation that exceptional measures of precaution may be taken against British subjects travelling abroad, Her Majesty's Government cannot complain if, while insurrection is raging, or its flame is scarcely extinguished, foreign Governments should take precautions against suspected English travellers.

"Her Majesty's Government adhere to the principle laid down by Viscount Palmerston in his note of the 30th of September, 1848, to the United States' envoy at this Court, in relation to certain citizens of the United States,

who had come direct thence to Ireland, then in a state of partial insurrection.

And the despatch concludes with some remarks, which will serve to put foreign exiles on their guard, and rouse the vigilance of public opinion in their defence, if unwarrantably watched or vexatiously molested.

"While, however, Her Majesty's Government cannot consent, at the request of foreign Governments, to propose a change in the laws of England, they would not only regret, but would highly condemn, any attempts on the part of foreign refugees in England to excite insurrection against the Governments of their respective countries. Such conduct would be considered by Her Majesty's Government as a flagrant breach of the hospitality which these persons enjoy.

"The attention of Her Majesty's Government will continue to be directed to the proceedings of suspected foreign refugees in this country, and they will endeavour by every legal means to prevent them from abusing the hospitality so liberally accorded to them by the British laws, to the prejudice of countries and Governments in amity and alliance with Great Britain."

As to the interference of foreign Governments with English travellers and English subjects abroad, a case in point has occurred. Certain missionaries, subjects of England, have been recently expelled from Hungary by the Austrian Government. A deputation from the Scottish Reformation Society waited on Lord Granville on Friday week, and represented the facts to him. These expelled gentlemen, the Reverend Mr. Wingate and the Reverend Mr. Smith, were officiating ministers to the British residents at Pesth. They were represented as inoffensive persons, who had lived at Pesth for ten years. What was Lord Granville's reply? He had written to Lord Westmoreland, and could not give a definite answer until that nobleman sent some reply. Nevertheless, he was very anxious to maintain religious liberty and toleration.

ELECTION MATTERS.

The newly appointed Ministers have been successful in their appeal to their constituents. Mr. Fox Maule met with some opposition from Mr. Charles Gilpin, at Perth. The new President of the Board of Control made a speech so thoroughly Whig in its tone and sentiment—declaring, for one thing, stout opposition to the ballot—that Mr. Gilpin was put forward, it was thought, with some chance of success. But Mr. Gilpin on the nomination day said he found a great want of the ballot to secure his election, and though the show of hands was in his favour, he withdrew. Mr. Maule was therefore duly elected on Monday. The next announcement is pithy. "On Monday, the Right Honourable Robert Vernon Smith, the newly-appointed Secretary at War, was re-elected for the borough of Northampton." The "pink of a red-tape Whig" found no opponent. At Greenwich, on the contrary, the new Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral Houston Stewart, was opposed by Mr. Montague Chambers, Q.C. There was a stout contest between the "sailor and the lawyer," but the Government influence carried it, and Admiral Stewart polled 2964 to 1249 polled for his opponent. The Protectionist candidate, the Honourable W. E. Duncombe, succeeds the Honourable A. Duncombe in the representation of East Retford.

THE RIFLE CLUBS.

The central committee of the Metropolitan Rifle Club have published a draft constitution, as follows:—

"1. That every person joining it does so to acquire the use of a weapon which may, in time of need, add to the defence of his country. 2. That this association being a rifle club, its meetings shall be for the purpose of perfecting its members in the skilful use of the weapon at a mark. 3. That it will be necessary for this purpose, that the members possess a supply of rifles of the same make and calibre, so that, if required for active service, the same ammunition and projectile may be employed for all. 4. That in the event of the Government requiring the assistance of the club or its sections, the members shall not be called upon to leave the locality they belong to and are most interested in defending, except those who may volunteer to do so. 5. That every person on joining the club shall intimate to the secretary, in writing, his willingness to conform himself to its regulations, and shall pay to the treasurer the sum of 10s. as an entrance-fee, and such annual subscription, not exceeding one guinea, as may hereafter be found to be necessary."

The Committee further state, that there are many who, although prevented by circumstances from giving their personal services in aid of this patriotic movement, would most readily subscribe towards defraying the expenses incurred in securing the country against aggression and spoliation. The committee will be happy to receive the subscriptions of such persons, to be applied to the general purposes of the Association, one of which is to procure a supply of rifles for the use of those members who may not be able or disposed to purchase them.

"Seventy gentlemen," including more than one veteran officer, have met at Exeter, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Woolmer, to form a Rifle Club. Earl Fortescue applauds. A Rifle Club was also formed at Southampton on Tuesday.

Dr. Glover of Newcastle has received a letter from the Home Office, stating that the Queen is willing "to accept the services of volunteer rifle corps" in certain cases, provided that the corps is recommended by the Lord-Lieutenant, and that except on actual service it defrays its own expenses. It will be subject to the rules already provided by the 44 Geo. III. c. 54. The letter further states that any "proposal for the formation of such corps, accompanied by a statement of the intended number of its members, will, if transmitted to Sir George Grey by the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, receive the consideration of Her Majesty's Government."

THE AMAZON.

SOME additional relics of the *Amazon* have been found. Two casks of oil, one containing about 100 gallons, and the other about 50, have been brought into Portsmouth, after being picked up at sea, one off Weymouth and the other off Shoreham, and which are supposed to have been washed up from the wreck of the *Amazon*. One head of each cask is much burnt, showing them to have been exposed to fire. The marks on the casks are not legible.

The following letter appeared in Thursday's *Times*:

Sir,—I hasten to inform you that about 7 o'clock this morning, a fisherman on the beach adjoining the property of Sir J. H. Williams, of Clovelly-court, picked up the body of a gentleman, supposed to be one of the passengers by the ill-fated *Amazon*, and to have lain in the water about a month. The wife of the man who picked up the body has just been here, and informs me that the body is that of a person 6 feet high, stout make, wearing a frock-coat lined with silk, a great coat, and a fancy striped shirt; he had in his pocket a steel pen and holder, with some tobacco.

The body is now lying waiting the coroner's inquest.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN LEE, Postmaster, Bideford.

Bideford, North Devon, Feb. 10.

PROGRESS OF ASSOCIATION.

EMPLOYERS' STRIKE.

PURSUANT to an advertisement in the daily papers, Messrs. Maudslay opened their factory on Monday to all who would sign the "declaration" imposed by the masters. About 400 are said, on equivocal authority, to have so signed. There was no disturbance of any kind. These facts were announced in the *Globe* of Monday. On Tuesday morning, the *Morning Chronicle* contained the following statement:—

According to previous announcement, the members of the Association of Employers of Operative Engineers yesterday re-opened their shops, which had been closed, in consequence of the dispute with the Amalgamated Society, since the 10th ult., and from all the information that we have been able to gather on the subject, the step may be said, at least for the present, to have proved a perfect failure: notwithstanding an announcement contained in an evening contemporary last night, intimating that the men had given way, and that up to twelve o'clock 400 men had resumed work at Maudslay and Field's establishment alone. At the shop referred to, we are informed that only three engineers (fitters) and a few boiler-makers, making a total of about eight, signed the declaration as skilled workmen; while seven foremen and eight apprentices quitted work rather than sign the declaration proffered by the employers. At Simpson's, Belgrave-road, Pimlico, five foremen and four apprentices gave a week's notice of leaving, upon the same grounds; no skilled workmen being known to have gone in. At Rennie's, Holland-street, Blackfriars, three foremen gave a similar notice, as did also, it is stated, several foremen and apprentices at Miller and Ravenhill's, Glasshouse-fields, where eight skilled workmen, however, went in and signed; two of whom are said to be members of the Amalgamated Society, and the only ones known to have done so. The foreman of the moulders at Penn's, Greenwich, is said to have preferred the sacrifice of his situation, one of the best in the trade, to signing the masters' declaration. A few non-society men, but to an inconsiderable extent, are said to have signed at this establishment. At Grissell's, City-road, twenty men went in as "moulders," but are said by society men not, in reality, to be generally skilled workmen. The number of skilled men who went in at other shops is said to be of no importance, and the members of the Amalgamated Society express full confidence in the continued failure of the step thus taken by the employers.

It was stated yesterday evening, at the Central Committee of Unskilled Labourers, that not more than thirty men belonging to that unfortunate class had received employment. The labourers flocked early to sign the declaration, but having done so, were told there was no work yet, and that they would be sent for when wanted; an announcement which caused a considerable amount of disappointment.

On Wednesday "*Amicus*" whoever the person who has become notorious under that signature may be, sent a long letter to the *Times*, attacking the Amalgamated Society with his accustomed virulence and misrepresentation. The letter reads very like one of those documents signed "Sydney Smith." The official replies to it are annexed.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—"*Amicus*" has made a statement in your paper of this morning, which, if allowed to go uncontradicted, may mislead you and some of your readers, respecting the proceedings of the Amalgamated Society.

He states that "We had, not many days ago, Mr. Newton's assurance that his disciples had benefited by the increasing intelligence and enlightenment of the age, and had given up their old practices of 'pickets' and intimidation. From past experience, however, I placed no reliance on his words, and I was not wrong; for no sooner had the declarations appeared than the committee sent for the boys employed in several of the factories (who, though not bound apprentices, were learning their trade), and acquainted them that, if they signed the document, they would be denied at any future period admission into the society. Within my own knowledge are the cases of more than twelve young men (some of whom had served five years) who were so far worked upon and intimidated by the committee, that they refused their signatures, and have, consequently, been dismissed their employment."

The Executive Council beg to say most emphatically that, as far as they are concerned, they have sent for no apprentices to threaten or to advise them; but in many instances they have been waited on by apprentices, and have invariably refused to advise them in any way.

The Executive Council is in constant communication with all the branches of the society, but are not aware of any such proceedings being adopted by any committee. If "*Amicus*" will oblige the Council with proof of the proceedings he alleges, they will interpose their advice against such practices; for, although the employers seem to value their engagements to unbound apprentices so lightly as to discharge a boy who, while an infant, refuses to sign a declaration which "*Amicus*" confesses men do not understand, the Executive Council have more regard for an agreement, or implied condition, of servitude than to counsel its violation.

As to the tale of "*Amicus*," respecting the unskilled workman whose fears prevented him from accepting higher wages, we must say we do not credit it; you, yourself, cannot now believe "*Amicus*," for it was that correspondent who said the Amalgamated Society had made three demands, while, in your article of Friday last, you announced that the council only made two, and when "*Amicus*" prophesies of future intimidation, let it be remembered that we have disclaimed, and do disclaim, all intimidation, and that "*Amicus*" has been singularly unfortunate in the prophetic line. He prophesied that in a month our funds would be gone, our union undermined, our society scattered. He promised workhouses and prisons, and dismay in all classes. We have hardly touched our funds, our union is more complete, our society more powerful than ever. The present forebodings of "*Amicus*" will turn out as futile as those of the last. We would not say a word to "*Amicus*" in deprecation of the low abuse in which he indulges, but we ask you whether you think such terms are consistent with the general tone which pervades your columns, or calculated to serve the cause you advocate?

By order of the Council,

JOSEPH MUSTO, Chairman.

WILLIAM ALLAN, Secretary.

25, Little Alie-street, Feb. 11.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—Allow us, as a body of apprentices (who form the exact number mentioned by "*Amicus*" in his letter to you of the 11th inst.), to contradict one of his statements, of which we imagine ourselves to be the objects. He states that through the tampering and intimidation of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers we have refused to sign the document which has caused such a turmoil for the last two or three days. We distinctly contradict such a statement, and aver that no member of that body used any persuasion, intimidation, or interference with us in any way whatsoever—on the contrary, the charge rests entirely with our late employers. There was a copy of the document in the shop; we were asked to sign it—we refused, and on Monday morning went to work as usual, but were then acquainted that we had discharged ourselves.

Trusting that you will have the kindness, for the sake of justice, to give publication to this,

We remain your obedient servants,

THOMAS TURNBULL,

JAMES PIRIE,

FREDERICK SPITTLE,

JOHN READ,

GEORGE ORCHARD,

JOHN BUCKETT,

GEORGE DUNN,

Lambeth, Feb. 11.

HENRY WRIGHT,

WILLIAM BURN,

FREDERICK KNIGHT,

G. BALE (absent), and

POND (who has gone to

work).

CENTRAL CO-OPERATIVE AGENCY.—WEEKLY REPORT.
Feb. 3rd to Feb. 9th, 1852.

THE Agency transacted business with the following stores—Leeds, Birmingham, Braintree, Banbury, Ullenhurst, Haworth, Galashiels, Rochdale, Woolwich, Colne, Halifax, Derby, Swindon, Bocking, Bradford, and Burnley.

The Agency is still engaged in the preliminary steps for opening a market for the productions of the Associations; it again takes the opportunity of stating that samples of the following articles can be obtained through it—Cloths, ribbons, alpacas, blankets, &c. &c. The conditions of dealing with the public, on behalf of the Productive Associations, have just been thus settled by the Partnership:—The articles (dry goods) will be charged to the buyers at the price quoted by the Association, with the addition of carriage, if not included in that price, and 5 per cent. commission for the agency, to be carried to the reserve fund, after deduction of expenses incurred by the Agency.

A new stock of wines and brandies has just been received from the best growths of France. The attention of the wealthier classes is especially directed to this branch of the business, which has been introduced for the purpose of making the consumption of the rich a means of increasing the capital devoted to associative purposes. The partners of the Agency are well aware that the working men's stores in the country, and especially in Scotland, have made a point of not selling wines and spirits, and nothing can be more creditable to those establishments; but the wine trade being carried on by the Agency only as an object of luxury, does not interfere with the most respectable scruples of the above-mentioned stores. There is another kind of scruple for which the Agency would not have quite the same consideration; it comes from some teetotallers, who withdrew their custom when the wine trade was introduced. Yielding to such exclusive views, however well intentioned they may be, would have been quite contrary to the spirit of an Institution which undertakes to supply unadulterated articles, but does not assume to regulate morals and manners.

RETIREMENT OF MR. JUSTICE PATTESON.

MR. JUSTICE PATTESON sat for the last time on Tuesday in the Court of Queen's Bench; and as it was well known he would retire on that day, a crowd of barristers assembled to pay a last tribute to his worth as a judge. About three o'clock, Mr. Justice Erle came into court, having adjourned for that purpose; and soon after his arrival the Attorney-General rose, and the whole bar with him. He prayed for leave to address a few words to Mr. Justice Patteson, and this being granted, he spoke as follows:—

Mr. Justice Patteson, I am charged by my brethren of the bar to convey to you our common regret and sorrow that we see you for the last time on that bench, which, for nearly 22 years, you have occupied with such infinite honour to yourself, and such unbounded satisfaction to the profession. And, as we are now about to lose you, it may be neither unbecoming in me to offer, nor wholly unwelcome to yourself to receive, an assurance of the unanimous sense of the entire profession that the high and sacred duties of the judicial office have never been more efficiently, honestly, or ably discharged, than they have been by yourself, during your whole judicial life. Though we lose you, the memory of you will yet live, associated with those revered names which dignify this court—not more for that vast and varied learning by which we were able to profit, and which was universally admired, than for your untiring love of justice and truth, your hatred of oppression and wrong, that unflinching integrity of purpose, and singleness of heart, and that kindness of nature, which left us in doubt whether we should more revere the judge, or love the man. Your lordship will carry with you into your retirement the enduring attachment of every member of the profession. We rejoice to think that, though the sense of infirmity and the apprehension that it would interfere with the due discharge of your duties have led to your retirement, you withdraw in the vigour of unimpaired health. We hope and pray that in that honourable retirement, which you have so well earned, you will still enjoy long years of happiness, and with full hearts we bid you an affectionate and respectful farewell.

The speech of the learned Attorney-General, which was pronounced with intense feeling, was followed by loud applause from the strangers present, which was immediately checked by the officers of the court.

Mr. Justice Patteson then said,—

Mr. Attorney-General and gentlemen of the bar, I receive with the highest satisfaction, and with feelings of the deepest gratitude, this very kind expression of your feelings. Of the entire sincerity of what you have said I have not the shadow of a doubt. And, though painfully conscious that the sentiments you have expressed are far beyond what I have deserved, I will not be guilty of the affectation of supposing that such praise, coming from such men as you are, can be wholly undeserved. Mine is one of many cases which show that if a public man, without pre-eminent abilities, will but exert such as God has given him honestly and independently, and without ostentation, he will receive a meed of public approbation com-

mensurate with and even exceeding what he has deserved. Thank God, if I have been not wholly deficient in the use of those talents with which he has entrusted me! It is with great regret, that while still in the possession of much bodily and mental health, I have found myself compelled to retire from a profession in which I have always taken and shall still continue to take the greatest delight. It is not now for the first time I have contemplated such a step. I have had to avoid, on the one hand, the premature surrender of my office while I found myself able to perform its duties, and on the other, the danger of clinging to it when my infirmities might make it due to the administration of justice that I should retire. I have endeavoured, with the kindest advice of my brethren, and the assistance you have rendered me, to avoid either extreme. But I am sadly afraid that I have deferred my resignation too long. (Loud cries of "No, no," from the strangers in the court.) I have been obliged to make use of ingenious instruments which assist the hearing, and are so great a comfort both in public and private life. But they cannot prevent the increase of the infirmity. Of this I am confident and sure, that nothing but the unceasing kindness of the bar, and considerable exertions on my behalf, sometimes painful and sometimes distressing, and the ready and affectionate support of my brethren on the bench, could have enabled me to have continued so long as I have done. I am aware that in some instances I have given way to impatient expressions towards the bar and witnesses in court, as if they were to blame, when it was not they, but my own infirmity, which was to blame. I have been, and am, heartily sorry for such a want of command over myself, and have striven against a repetition of it earnestly, but not always with success. My brethren, you and the public have been very kind to me, and I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of that kindness. That will be a great solace to me, and will remain to me as long as my life shall last. I bid you now an affectionate farewell. I wish you many years of health and happiness, as well as success and honour in a liberal profession, the duties of which have been and are discharged not only with the greatest zeal, learning, and ability, but with high honour and integrity, and a deep sense of responsibility to God and to man; and which being so performed, in my humble judgment, are eminently conducive, with the blessing of God, not only to maintain the just prerogatives of the Crown, but the rights and liberties of the subject.

The above address, delivered in that style of unaffected simplicity characteristic of his lordship, was listened to with the deepest attention and interest by the bar, who stood during its delivery. The Court then rose, and his lordship retired.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON POOR-LAW REFORM.

MR. ARCHIBALD STARK, the Secretary of the Poor-law Association, whose address we lately quoted, has published a letter on the subject, which he has received from Mr. Carlyle. Our readers are aware that this Association proposes to substitute reproductively pauper labour for compulsory pauper idleness. Mr. Carlyle is not at all undecided on this point.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to understand that the Poor-law Association has actually got in motion, and determines to proceed strenuously towards the grand object of having all the paupers of Great Britain set to employment. I enclose you my subscription, and, along with it, my heartiest wishes for your success. According to all the notions I can form of our strange time, with its manifold perplexities, its vague, high-flying hopes, and fearful, steadily-advancing perils, this that you have in view is precisely the thing needfullest to be done, the first of all real steps towards safety and improvement for English society, as matters now stand. Till some veritably wise and human mode of dealing with that frightful, ever-increasing class called paupers is attained, or, at least, is zealously endeavoured after by the Government and the community, I can only consider English society as in a state of slow continual *snore*, every day bringing it nearer the state of *flame* and utter conflagration, into which we have seen all other European societies already go, in a very tragic manner! This is, and has long been, my fixed opinion; grounded on innumerable considerations, deeper and less deep, on which volumes might be written, and which are of far too extensive compass to be entered upon here.

"One thing may be asserted without risk, and has the closest reference to this matter. If free bargain in the market, and fair up-and-down wrestle and battle between employers and employed, be the rule of labour (which I am far from believing it capable of being, except for a very limited time, and in very peculiar circumstances); still more, if new and infinitely more *human* arrangements between employers and employed are—as all men begin to surmise, and as many men have long foreseen—an indispensable necessity for labour, in England as elsewhere, then, clearly, I say, in either case, the first condition of fair play is, that all paupers be quite eliminated from the controversy, and carried clear away from it, out of the labour market, and its wrestles and its struggles. This, one would think, needs little demonstration. Alas! if the pauper were always supported by the rich, especially by the idle rich, I could esteem it for the moment a small

matter; but he is supported by the poor, by those who are not yet quite paupers—whom, with fatal invincibility (and not by his "rates" alone, but by his bad conduct, by his bad example, by the thousandfold infection of him every day and hour), he is dragging down into that sad category! It is miserable to consider. The course of every idle, foolish man, left loose to become a pauper—continually deranging every honest workman's bargain, then taking shelter in the poor-house at the honest workman's expense, then, again, bursting out to produce new derangement and confusion—is like the course of an incendiary torch among the peaceable possessions of mankind; it is *mad* as would be the course of a fever patient left to run stumbling about the streets in these times of ours.

"I do not mean to say that the subject has no difficulties; nay, that it is not like to be, in practice, beset with difficulties, and to lead us, in its ulterior developments, into innovations we are little prepared for at present. I perceive well there is immense work ahead of us in that direction; and I think withal it is high time we were beginning it! As for you, who stand yet in the first stage of the affair, I conceive your ground to be already very clear, and that by temperate and diligent exposition of your aims, you will certainly gain the public support, and probably before long.

"To an impartial stranger landing among us, as if from another planet, it would seem very strange that there could be a doubt about what you propose! He would find doubts enough, however, and denials enough, and a great quantity of cobwebs to be removed, before he could get this axiom admitted; for, indeed, the theories men form about this world, and their political philosophies, and sciences, and dismal sciences, make strange work with them; and truly, 'to a man *doubled down*, and looking backwards through his knees,' says the proverb, 'all things are inverted, and stand upon their heads!'

"I again wish you every success, and bid you use every exertion; and am, sir, yours sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE.
Archd. G. Stark, Esq., Secretary."

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

A MEETING of the magistrates took place in the Arinagh Court-house, on Tuesday, convened by the Lord-Lieutenant, and presided over by Lieutenant-Colonel Caulfield, M.P. As the doors were closed, no report has appeared; but the following Memorial to the Home Secretary is given as the nett result of the meeting:—

"THE MEMORIAL OF THE UNDERSIGNED MAGISTRATES OF THE COUNTIES OF ARMAGH, MONAGHAN, AND LOUTH,

"Sheweth,—That a district containing portions of the above-mentioned counties has for some time past been in a disturbed and lawless state.

"That a succession of murders, attempts to murder, assaults, burning of houses, acts of intimidation, &c., have taken place within it, all marked with the same agrarian character, and evidently proceeding from the same secret conspiracy.

"That this secret association possesses the sympathy of many, and has overawed the whole of the population to such an extent that the evidence of the most atrocious murders, perpetrated in the open day, can hardly be obtained; and jurors, from whatever class impanelled, are too often either disaffected or intimidated; that the audacity of the conspirators has fearfully increased with their impunity; and that the conspiracy is rapidly extending into the neighbouring districts.

"That the sympathy, and yet more, the terror of the population, is proved by facts which come under our notice daily, and are well known to the authorities—such, for instance, as an unwillingness to render the common offices of humanity to the victim of assassination or outrage, and the levy of forced contributions for the purposes of defending agrarian criminals.

"That while we give credit to the Executive for their wishes and endeavours to enforce the law as it stands, we declare our strong conviction of its total inadequacy to meet a state of society never contemplated by British law.

"That we are persuaded we express the feelings of all respectable and well-affected persons of all classes, in calling upon Parliament to enact such laws as may protect our lives and properties from an intolerable state of intimidation, and crush that secret conspiracy which is ruinous both to those who suffer from it and to the interests of all ranks and classes, in the country at large."

DELIGHT OF CREATING.—No wonder God made a world to express his thought. Who, that has a soul for beauty, does not feel the need of creating, and that the power of creation alone can satisfy the spirit? When I thus reflect, the artist seems the only fortunate man. Had I but as much creative genius as I have apprehensiveness! —*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

SOCIETY.—Some persons are thrown off their balance when in society; others are thrown on to balance; the excitement of company, and the observation of other characters, correct their biases. —*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen held a Privy Council on Wednesday. Lord Stanley of Alderley was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Mr. Charles Barry was knighted.

The *Globe* of Thursday announced, that Mr. Layard, who was a long time attached to the Embassy at Constantinople, but who is better known by his discoveries at Nineveh, has been appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The first meeting of the Fox Club was held at Brooke's on Saturday.

Countess Walewski gave an evening party on Tuesday, attended by the Duke of Wellington, some of Her Majesty's Ministers, and various stars of the fashionable world.

Lady Palmerston, so renowned in the fashionable and diplomatic world for her evening parties, received a large company on Saturday in Carlton Gardens. There were politicians of all shades present, and two cabinet ministers, Sir Charles Wood and Lord Granville.

Sir James Stirling has been appointed to the vacancy at the Admiralty Board caused by the retirement of Rear-Admiral Dundas.—*Globe*.

Mr. Crompton, amid the warmly expressed regrets of his brethren at the bar, left the bench of the Liverpool Court of Passage on Saturday. He is appointed to succeed Mr. Justice Patteson.

Mr. William Calder Marshall was elected Royal Academician on Tuesday, in the room of Mr. William Wyon, deceased; Mr. Richard Partridge, professor of anatomy, in the room of Mr. Joseph Henry Green, resigned; and Mr. John Prescott Knight was appointed professor of perspective.

The directors of the Royal West India Mail Company are about to present Mr. Vincent, the midshipman, with a handsome gold watch, which was made by Mr. Alderman Carter, of Cornhill, and bears the following inscription:—"Mr. Vincent. Presented by the Board of Directors of the Royal West India Mail Company, highly approving of his conduct in the Amazon life-boat."—*Globe*.

The Marquis de Jaucourt, Minister of Marine under Louis XVIII., and formerly peer of France, died at his seat, in the Seine-et-Marne, a few days ago, aged 94.

Mr. James Brancker, brother of Sir Thomas Brancker, of Liverpool, invited some friends to dine with him on Tuesday. Shortly after his arrival at home, before the dinner hour, he died of apoplexy.

Lord Dinorben died rather suddenly on Tuesday, at four o'clock, a.m., at Kinnell Park, near St. Asaph, Wales, in his 85th year. He was seized while at dinner on Sunday evening with a paralytic fit, from the effects of which he never regained consciousness.

The Society of British Artists has petitioned the Queen for space in the projected National Gallery for an annual exhibition of their pictures.

A gold digging has been discovered in the Isle of Skye, and a small Californian fever has consequently broken out. Is not this poetical justice?

The Governors of the Free Grammar School of King Edward the Sixth, at Birmingham, have erected a fourth branch school, which will accommodate 150 boys and an equal number of girls, at a cost of upwards of 2000*l*. It will be opened early in March.

The Anti-State-Church Association, which has lately held several large gatherings in the North of England, is, we observe, to have its second Metropolitan meeting on Thursday next, when three addresses by well known advocates of the cause are announced.

The *Official Milan Gazette* of the 5th states that the number of recruits for Lombardy this year is to be 8630, taken from two classes, those of 1830 and 1831. In 1849 the number of recruits was 8045, and in 1850 they were 7093, from one class each year.

From the year 1837 to 1851, inclusive (15 years), there was advanced out of the Consolidated Fund 3,618,029*l*. 19*s*. 4*d*., for the purchase of bullion for coinage, and the repayments for the advances in the same period amounted to 3,528,029*l*. 19*s*. 4*d*..

Two Orders in Council have been issued to the officers of Customs, directing that French authors, &c., shall have the privilege of copyright within Her Majesty's dominions, and reducing the duties on books, prints, and drawings, published within the dominions of France.

The report is confirmed that orders had been issued from the Ordnance Office to the Birmingham gunmakers for the supply of 15,000 or 18,000 rifle muskets, to be constructed on the Minié principle. Naturally enough, the men require an advance in wages, as the new musket is one of a more expensive construction than the old.

There was printed on Friday a Parliamentary paper, moved for in the late session, by which it appears that since the 6th of April, 1848, the number of new appointments made in 54 Government departments, was 837, at the annual amount of 84,388*l*. In the same period, 2176 places were abolished, the salaries and expenses of which amounted to 323,945*l*.

A large gate of the famous Brighton Pavilion was blown down, on Tuesday, upon several persons who had sought refuge from a storm of wind and hail. One woman was killed, two men severely injured, and several much hurt.

A woman in the Bagnigge Wells Road killed her child or Saturday, and then attempted self-destruction. She was saved by her husband, who, awakened from sleep, found his child dying from poison, and his wife lying with her throat cut!

A steam-boat ran on to a heap of stones thrown into the Thames under Blackfriars Bridge, on Sunday. A piece of her bottom was stove in; but the captain steamed on towards London Bridge. The cabin passengers, who had been kept in ignorance of the accident, learned it first when they found the water rushing in. They all landed safely at London Bridge pier. The boat filled and sank soon afterwards.

Mr. O'Connor was on Monday committed to prison for seven days, convicted by Mr. Henry, of Bow Street, of having, on Saturday, made a disturbance at the Lyceum Theatre, and struck a policeman. Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds applied to Mr. Henry for a remission of the sentence, on the ground that Mr. O'Connor was known not to be of sound mind. Mr. Henry declined to remit the sentence, and asked why Mr. O'Connor's friends allowed him to go at large.

The dreadful catastrophe at Hohenfirth has continued to absorb attention throughout the week. A very large subscription has been raised for the sufferers. Bodies still continued to be found up to Wednesday. Many persons who escaped were without clothes. Many families are entirely ruined. The greatest sympathy has been displayed towards the saved. The Wye and the Severn rose very high during the past week, but happily without causing loss of life. There have been also inundations in Belgium.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

THE total number of deaths registered in the metropolitan districts last week is 1016, being nearly the same amount as in the previous week. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1842—51, the average number was 1060, which, if increased in a certain proportion to the growth of population, will become 1166. Last week, therefore, there was a decrease of 150 on the corrected average.

The returns of the last two weeks are not only similar in the aggregate number of deaths, but approach nearly in the results referred to some of the leading classes of disease. In the previous week 215 deaths were caused by epidemic diseases, in the last the number was 201; in the previous week the number ascribed to diseases of the respiratory organs was 176, now the number is 171. "Diseases of uncertain seat," viz. dropsy, abscess, &c., numbered respectively 39 and 40; and amongst these are 15 cases of cancer in the former week, and 18 in the latter. Tubercular diseases produced in the two weeks 189 and 206, diseases of the nervous system 105 and 117, those of the heart 35 and 46, and complaints of the digestive organs 71 and 53.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 22nd ult., at Munich, the lady of Sir John R. Millbank, Bart., H. M. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: a son.

On Saturday, the 7th instant, at 32, Wilton-place, the wife of Captain H. Codrington, R.N.: a daughter.

On the 7th instant, at Putney, the wife of John W. Whitelock, Esq.: a daughter.

On Sunday, the 8th instant, at 6, Blenheim-road, St. John's-wood, Mrs. Samuel H. Gass: a daughter.

On the 8th instant, at Westbourne-park-villas, the wife of C. K. Grenside, Esq., barrister-at-law: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 27th ult., at Kilbrew Church, Robert Eglington Seton, Esq., of the Manor-house, Ratsoth, late of the 63rd Highlanders, and son of the late Colonel Seton, C.B., to Jane Rebecca, daughter of Henry Garnett, of Green-park, county of Meath, Esq.

On the 28th ult., at Pettistree, in the county of Suffolk, J. Griffiths, Esq., B.N., to Charlotte Ann, widow of the Rev. Harry Jordan Place, formerly rector of Marshhall, in the county of Dorset.

On the 3rd instant, at St. Michael's Church, Lyme Regis, Edward Walford, Esq., of Clifton, formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, to Julia Christina, fourth daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir John Talbot, G.C.B., of Rhode-hill, in the county of Devon, deceased.

On the 5th instant, at Bishop Burton, William Henry Parsey, Esq., M.D., of Hatton, Warwick, son of J. L. Parsey, Esq., of the War-office, to Miss Julia Procter.

On the 9th instant, at All Souls', Langham-place, Hector Maclean, eldest son of Sir J. D. Hamilton Hay, Bart., of Alderston, to Anne Charlotte, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Bird, H.C.S., and daughter of the late John White, Esq., formerly Assistant-Surgeon of the 17th Light Dragoons.

DEATHS.

On the 18th of December, at Meerut, Bengal, aged 23, George Arden Franklyn, Cornet in H. M. 14th Light Dragoons, eldest and beloved son of George W. Franklyn, Esq., Clifton-house, Clifton, Bristol.

On the 25th ult., at Bruges, John Berington, Esq., late Lieutenant-Colonel and Deputy-Lieutenant of the county of Hereford, aged 74.

On the 3rd instant, at Bardwell Rectory, Suffolk, aged 81, the Rev. Henry Adams, B.D., rector of that parish above 36 years, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

At Milliken, Renfrewshire, on the 4th instant, Sir William Milliken Napier, of Napier and Milliken, Baronet.

On the 6th instant, at Lewes, Ann, widow of the late George Rickman, of Bristol, aged 60.

On the 6th instant, at 94, Wimpole-street, Lieutenant-Colonel George Paul Le Messurier, Bombay Army.

On the 6th instant, at her residence, Clapham-common, Mary Ann, relict of the late Edmund Bellamy, Esq., aged 54.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. What-ever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

[The following appeared in our Second Edition of last week.]

Postscript.

SATURDAY, February 7.

The House of Commons sat last night for five hours. Various subjects were brought before it. In reply to a question from Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord JOHN RUSSELL admitted that the account given by the newspapers of the outrage inflicted on Mr. Mather, in Florence, by an Austrian officer, was in the main correct; that Lord Granville had ordered an inquiry, which was now proceeding; and that Mr. Mather, undoubtedly, had a right to reparation. There was some laughter when Lord John Russell said that the Austrian officer, judging by the "shape of Mr. Mather's hat," took him for an "Italian Liberal."

In a committee of the whole House, it was resolved to grant a supply to her Majesty.

Leave was given to the Solicitor-General to bring in a Bill for the Relief of Suitors in the Court of Chancery. This measure provides for the payment of officials by salaries instead of fees; abolishes several offices, reduces the salaries attached to others, transfers the charges for judges' salaries from the Suitors' Fund to the Consolidated Fund, and charges only on the former the salaries for administrative purposes.

Leave was also given to Lord Seymour to bring in a bill for the better supply of water to the metropolis; and to Mr. Mowatt to bring in a bill for the same purpose. The difference between the two bills consisted in this, that while Lord Seymour only proposes to inspect and control existing companies, Mr. Mowatt would create a local body in the metropolis representing the inhabitants, and entrust both the supply of water and the drainage to them. Lord Seymour thought that the plan propounded by Mr. Mowatt was the sounder; but Sir GEORGE GREY, while he did not oppose the introduction of Mr. Mowatt's bill, saw "peculiar difficulties" [parliamentary slang] in the way of adopting the principle of representation in this matter.

A smart discussion then ensued on the ventilation of the House, and the hot and cold blasts which found their way in there, to the great detriment of the health of honourable members. Mr. OSBORNE moved that Dr. Reid be called to the bar; and on a division, it was agreed to call him, by 55 to 24. Dr. Reid was called in and examined. He said that the interior of the House was subject to currents of air from every side, that blow hot one moment and cold the next:—

"On the first evening that the House met, doors were torn off in some passages leading to the House, from which gusts of air came into the House from every side. You might as well ask me to regulate the winds and currents of the Bay of Biscay as expect me to ventilate the House, if the doors and windows of the entrances leading to the House are not placed under my control. (Hear, hear.) The second difficulty is, that there are numberless chimneys surrounding the House, which poison the atmosphere by the carbonic acid they send forth. (Hear, hear.) There are torrents of smoke coming into the House and its approaches from these chimneys, so that the House stands in an atmosphere of carbonic acid."

He also asked for "protection against the kitchen." Just now the smells from the diners were blowing in at every moment. (A laugh.) He was sensible of them where he just sat (below the bar) every time the door opened.

These nuisances he undertook to abate in two days at a moderate expense.

"Lord SEYMOUR: What do you propose to do for 300*l*?"

"Dr. Reid: To put the lights on a better footing, beginning with those in the gallery. Secondly, to put all the chimneys, which at present blow torrents of smoke into the division lobby, on a better footing. Thirdly, to prevent foul air from issuing from the vaults into the house. Fourthly, to consolidate the flooring of the principal ventilating chamber."

He then withdrew, and after some discussion, which made it very obvious that Government were afraid of setting the "doctor and the architect by the ears," it

was agreed that the matter should be referred to Lord Seymour, on the understanding that it should be brought on again on Wednesday. The House then adjourned until Monday.

In the House of Lords, Lord MALMESBURY stated that a large quantity of gunpowder had been recently exported from this country to the Cape colony, and sold to the Kafirs. He asked—

"Can no measures be taken in this country to stop the further exportation of gunpowder from our shores for the use of our enemies? He understood that, by the law as it now stood, large quantities of ammunition could not be exported without permission of the Board of Ordnance. Had his noble friend any intention of bringing these exporters to exposure and punishment? He also wished to know what steps he had taken to prohibit this exportation, and whether he knew that arms as well as ammunition had been supplied from this country to the Kafirs?"

Lord GREY said nothing could be done to stop the exportation either of arms or ammunition; but measures had been taken by the Legislative Council at the Cape to intercept the landing of both, which had been completely successful—now it was *too late*. The precautions should have been taken last February, and not last November.

"He was surprised that this trade should have been carried on so long without any attempt of the authorities to interfere with it. The commodore on the station had informed him that the traffic was now effectually stopped; but he also told him that within the last few months several hundred tons of gunpowder had been sent to places along the coast for the use of our enemies."

After some conversation on the recd of Sir Henry Smith, and law matters, the House adjourned.

The *Times* yesterday contained another letter "from a New York correspondent," respecting Kossuth, of great intrinsic interest; but having for us an additional value, as it furnishes more independent corroboration of our own views. The letter is dated January 24:—

"The last steamer informed you of the departure of the Hungarian for Cincinnati, and his reception at Harrisburgh, the capital of the great State of Pennsylvania. We now learn of his departure from that city. He has crossed the Alleghany Mountains, reached Pittsburgh, and is on his way to 'the metropolis of the west'—Cincinnati. His journey resembles more the triumphal progress of an emperor, flushed with victory, than of a poor exile-propagator of a new political faith. . . . He will make, too, his appeal for material aid, and boldly tell western men not only to form associations and clubs everywhere, to give him money for the Hungarian cause, but to unfurl for our home politics the banner of American intervention in the affairs of Europe, electing no man to any office or honour who will not openly pledge himself to this policy. Already a thousand newspapers beyond the Alleghanies have declared for him, his cause, and his policy. With few exceptions, the western members of both Houses of Congress have espoused his cause, and even General Cass and Judge Douglass have publicly announced their readiness to vote for 'intervention to put down intervention.' This is, doubtless, the prevailing feeling of the western States; and, so strong has it become throughout the whole country, that the President goes so far in his official greeting and private courtesy to the Hungarian, that the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires forgets the decorum due to the occasion, and says some things and writes others which he is notified he can withdraw during the next twenty-four hours! . . .

"It is quite possible that the boldness of Mr. Webster's speech may have disturbed the President, and the reasons for this supposition are very clear. After receiving the note of the Chargé, the President sent for Mr. Webster, who at once demanded that it should be withdrawn; and it was. Concerning the latter fact there is no doubt."

The Convocation summoned to meet at York found the doors of the Chapter closed! My lord of York has not even the courtesy of "We, John Bird." "Ebor" is not so polite as "Cantuar;" he did not send even a Commissioner. The reason of this is said to be, that of late no man has heeded the summons to Convocation. But is that any reason why the summoners should not be in attendance?

Accounts of the terrible catastrophe at Holmfirth, received this morning, are still more appalling than those of yesterday. The force of the torrent was great enough to wash down whole mills, and sweep away enormous engines and machinery, like dead leaves. Whole rows of cottages and their inmates were also destroyed. The loss of life is very great indeed—some say not less than one hundred persons drowned. The loss of property is also severe, being estimated at 600,000*l*. The banks of the reservoir were expected to give way. Some of the persons living in mills close adjoining had removed themselves and their goods; about fifty persons were watching on the embankment. The Commissioners of the Reservoir are, it is thought, very much to blame.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

"A BILL to restore the faded honours of 'the Reform Ministry'—that should be the title of Lord John's last composition. It has had very slight success. If stocks rose a little on Tuesday, it was owing to an extensive operation by a well-known speculator, but on 'Change scarcely a thought was spared for Lord John's great scheme of national regeneration. Its object was seen through at once; and by that it was interpreted, without waiting to inspect its various, tangled, confused, and unexplained details. Men put it along with other recent manifestations of the "Liberal" Ministers,—their coming out, once more, as the caterers of water-supply; their revival of extramural internments; Lord John's promise of national education, for which, he says, the country is "almost" prepared; Lord Granville's "spirited," but safe and pacific note about English travellers abroad; Lord Grey's dismissal of Sir Henry Smith, in a despatch showing how all the faults of the past are due to poor Sir Henry; how forbearing Lord Grey has been; and how, at last, he sacrifices personal feeling for his country's good. Just on the eve of a critical session, and perhaps of a general election, Ministers are coming out strong as the benefactors that are to be of their species. Never have there been men so energetic, so reforming, so active, so "progressive," as they *will be* henceforth, if the country will only try them a little longer.

Critics have been ardently engaged in striving to form a definite idea of the Bill, to put it into some compact definition; but you might as well try to put the fortuitous contents of a carpet-bag into a formula. A store of clean apparel, a volume of sermons, a Colt's revolver, a portable writing-case, a doll for your friend's youngest girl, and the letters received by the last post, might as easily come into a collective name. The bill will enfranchise 5*l*. householders in boroughs, which must amount to *all* householders; 20*l*. householders in counties, which must include *no* labouring householders; payers of 2*l*. to the assessed taxes, except holders of licences, which will probably enfranchise keepers of dogs to that amount, besides householders already enfranchised, and payers of 4*l*. 10*s*. income-tax. It will add a skirting of country neighbourhood to some small boroughs; it will unite other small boroughs; it abolishes the property qualification for members,—already reduced to a legal fiction; it abolishes the oath which excludes Jews from Parliament, and furnishes a form more welcome to Roman-catholic lips. We do not know, while he was about it, why Lord John Russell did not throw his water-supply measure, rifle-corps laws, reformed partnership, and Bill for the better regulation of Chancery, into the same measure, and call it at once "A Bill to Save Society, improve parish administration in certain cases, and to keep out the Tories."

If he had done so, he might have spared trouble to those single-minded critics, who have positively been looking for some "principle" or "rationale" in the scheme, and have discovered, to their amazement, that it contains neither. They might have learned that, although he uses the word "principle" pretty often, it is quite in an arbitrary sense, as equivalent to "plan;" just as Mr. Smart, in Horace Smith's *Trip to Rams-gate*, calls the beam of the engine "the hydrostatic principle;" and it is a remarkable part of Lord John's speeches, that they are almost always devoid of anything to be called reasoning. His "reasons" are usually precedents or authorities. Nevertheless, there is reason in this great work, attained instinctively: its principle is, to do as much as possible without disturbing

any class or "interest." There is a minimum of disfranchisement, a maximum of such enfranchisement as will frighten nobody, because you cannot call it by a distinct name. It abolishes only those things which are defunct—like the property-qualification of members. It is the edict of a law-giver, who desires to be patriotic where he can be so without risk or trouble, and who aims at being great by heaping up a number of little-nesses.

If nobody feels much interest in the Bill, nobody feels much disposed to meddle with it; if nobody loves it, nobody fears it. We regard this as lucky. It is our principle to rejoice at every measure which favours the franchise for any one of our countrymen that does not already possess it, and we believe that Lord John's amusing Bill will really give the franchise a very useful extension. We believe it will do more: it will certainly extend it to numbers of the working-class, who will not rest content while others of the same class remain excluded. At the same time, it will evidently give a much larger extension in towns than in the country; a balance of extension which will be adversely felt by the "Country party;" so that we shall see the *next* extension unite in its support the Country party and the working class! It is generally perceived that the present Bill has no chance of being a final measure; and we regard it as usefully opening the way to something larger next year.

Meanwhile, Ministers will derive from it an evident advantage: be the session long or short, they will have laid in good store of materials for debates, in which they will appear as the champions of "reform;" and the more they are beaten, the more will their chivalry come out.

A MINISTER OF THE LOWER EMPIRE.

THE following brief but stirring biography is in active circulation in Parisian society. We have reason to believe in its entire correctness.

LEROY (JACQUES ARNAUD).—

In 1820 was serving as lieutenant in the 6th regiment of the line, which at that time went by the name of the "Legion of the Bouches du Rhone." Where he came from, unknown. A passport would have described him thus: Agreeable exterior; the *tournure* of a "*mauvais sujet*" of the Boulevards; an unscrupulous-looking head, not destitute of brains or will.

To make up for the meagreness of his pay, he used to dip into the purses of his brother officers, and to draw upon the resources of a few old dowagers; a system which he had practised to such an extent, that in 1821, when stationed at Sélestat, he was expelled the regiment by a committee of the mess.

Betaking himself to Colmar, he contrived to worm himself into an honourable family in that place, and was on the point of making a capital match, but unluckily his character was unmasked too soon, and he was obliged to run for it; a feat which he performed by jumping on a horse of his intended brother-in-law. After a few miles' ride, he sold the horse, and lived on the proceeds till he reached Paris.

A few months later, under the auspices of a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, he got himself appointed to the Gardes du Corps (Compagnie de Guiche), and remained with them till 1828, when he was expelled for some misconduct, just as he had been expelled the 6th of the line in 1821.

He passed into England, and there ran the risk of transportation for an assault upon a girl of tender years. Escaping to Paris again, he made his *début* at the Théâtre de la Gaité, under the name of Florival. He played the "traitors," but with so poor a success, that he soon gave up the boards. Next we find him a vendor of furniture, purveying to the extravagances of men about town, and to the ruinous caprices of *lorettes*. In this capacity he acquired a certain reputation for sharp practice. It was at this stage of his career, in 1832, that General Bugeaud, having heard of the man's peculiar address, took him off to Blaye, to employ him in the custody of the Duchess de Berry, who was then a prisoner in the fortress. M. Leroy was permitted to wear the epaulettes of an *adjuvant de place*. He did the double work of an officer and a spy. As the latter, so nice was his surveillance, that he had holes pierced in the wainscot of the Duchess's apartments, and even of her dressing-room, to enable him to follow all her movements.

Here, too, he fought a duel in the town, with a man who had insulted General Bugeaud, and he killed his man.

To reward this service, Bugeaud took him under his wing to Algeria, where, in an arena befitting his qualities and antecedents, he served, without distinction indeed, but with the negative advantage of partially obliterating his "European" reputation.

Louis Bonaparte, after diving down to lower and lower depths, in search of a ministry of dirty work, found "the very man he wanted" in the interesting subject of our present biography, to whom he gave the command of a razzia against the Kabyles, in order to throw into relief the future saviour of the *coup d'état*. Where the background was so dark, it was perhaps not difficult to get "relief." And such are the instruments of your Saviours of society, of religion, family, property, and all other things holy, virtuous, and respectable.

Our Ministers support the Government composed of materials like this man. Well, much may be said in favour of adventurers, when they are engaged in dashing exploits or noble irregularities; but it would be difficult to find any justification in the *spirit* of the French Government, and we desire to show that its *personnel* deserves none of the consideration which officials claim for routine and legitimacy. If our respectable Ministers fraternize with a Government recruited from casinos, "hells," and worse, the English public ought at least to understand the degree of licence which Downing Street allows to itself when it goes to Paris.

CONTINUED DEFEAT OF THE OPPONENTS TO CONVOCATION.

York rivals Canterbury; "Ebor" wins the palm in the race of subservency; and "Cantuar" sits crownless in Lambeth. We thought that Dr. Sumner had succeeded tolerably well as the Louis Napoleon of the Church; but Dr. Musgrave has far surpassed his co-primate by a very simple process—being himself. "We, John Bird, &c.," did cause the doors of the Jerusalem Chamber to be opened, and suffer bishops and archdeacons to sit within. Nay, they were even permitted to go the length of talking and presenting petitions. Dr. Musgrave has not so read his lesson—has not so understood his duty. True, he caused the members of the Convocation of York to be summoned; the writs were plain, and not to be misunderstood. But, with a display of genius which would have made the fortune of a continental Minister in the stormy times of '48, he boldly stopped there. That was quite a sufficient homage to pay to the principles of the Constitution; and amazing as the fact is, yet it is a fact, that when the clergy, provoked by said writs, appeared before the doors of the Chapter at York, they found them locked, and no Archbishop or Archbishop's Commissioner within sight, or even within hearing! Does not Dr. Musgrave deserve that Order of St. Andrew, which the Emperor Nicholas did not send to Louis Napoleon!

It is well remarked by the Committee of the London Union on Church Matters, in their last Report, in reference to these attempts to silence the voice of the Church, that "the exercise of such arbitrary prerogative in the case of the Church, is the only example to be found in later times, and the only one that would now be tolerated." Such is the fact—a fact full of strange meaning. A Town Council Chamber locked up by an order from Downing Street; a Vestry Room closed by the fiat of a Rector; either of these acts would create a small revolution. But here is the Parliament of the Church closed up with scant ceremony in one instance, and without any ceremony in another, and little is said on the matter. This suggests grave reflections as to what the Church has done in past times, to bring on herself such ignominious treatment even from her own sons. It suggests grave doubts as to whether she has fulfilled that mission with which she declares herself accredited. It lays the basis for a strong opinion, that the Church must become far other than she is before she can really be the Church of England, and of the People of England.

Indeed, whether she will obtain those rights to which she is most justly entitled—rights which without a gross neglect of duty, she may not choose to claim, but *must* claim and win, in order that she may be honest, entirely depends on

herself. This Contest for Convocation and Synodical action is the test of her virtue and fitness to be what she declares herself. She may not choose; either destruction as a Church, or victory as a Church—that is the clear alternative.

But so far as the contest has hitherto proceeded, we are bound to confess, that the advocates of Convocation and Synodical action of a Church with a conscience, not seated in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but in its own representative assembly, have, in every instance, decidedly beaten their antagonists. While the arbitrary acts of Dr. Sumner, and the unmixed contempt of Dr. Musgrave, daily weaken their position, the able, temperate, firm, and unresisting policy of the friends of Convocation, not only advances their cause, but raises it in the estimation of those who anxiously watch the progress of both parties. In London, at least, Convocation was acknowledged as a fact; and in York, the weak policy of evasion adopted by the short-sighted primates of that province, only throws into bolder belief the humiliating condition of the clergy face to face with their State-appointed authorities. And this is a great gain; for, next to emancipation, the best thing you can do for a slave, is to make him feel that he is not free.

THE GRANVILLE CAPITULATION.

"*Civis Romanus sum*" was the simple form in which the Roman, wheresoever he went, claimed the immunity of an Imperial protection; and it was the boast of Lord Palmerston that the same declaration, "I am a British citizen," should secure protection to our countrymen; but Lord Granville repudiates the boast. It is well that travellers should be aware. In his note to the diplomatic representatives of England in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Frankfurt, and Paris, declining to expel foreign refugees from this country, Lord Granville touches upon the threat that the acts of such persons will be retaliated upon English travellers; but, instead of simply declaring that he will see right done by his countrymen, he limits the vindication to what he calls "unoffending" English travellers, and concedes an undefined right of taking "exceptional measures of precaution" against "suspected" English travellers. Our countrymen, therefore, will have to consider well in which category they must be classed. Here is the phrase—

"With reference to the intimation that exceptional measures of precaution may be taken against British subjects travelling abroad, Her Majesty's Government cannot complain if, while insurrection is raging, or its flame is scarcely extinguished, foreign Governments should take precautions against suspected English travellers."

As Lord Granville has volunteered this obliging information to the police of Russia and Austria, it becomes desirable for Englishmen to consider what makes them "suspected" or "unoffending," according to the local interpretation. Mr. Mather, we presume, is *de facto* to be considered a "suspected" man; and one would like to know what he *did* to earn that distinction in quasi-Austrian Florence. In Naples it is obvious that Mr. Gladstone would be "suspected," and if he go to Italy again, he must "look out for squalls." Clearly Lord Granville won't answer for him. We complained of Lord Palmerston for only protesting, but Lord Granville declares by anticipation that he won't even "complain!" By the way, Lord Palmerston would evidently be "suspected;" and if he travel in Austrian land, he is to expect no championship from the late Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Commissioner of the Exposition. On the other hand, it is evident that Lord Granville would be reckoned among the "unoffending," with Lord Grey, Mr. Mac Farlane, Lord John Russell, Sir Francis Head, and Lord Derby.

Lord Granville declines to expel foreign refugees, and he uses a peculiar argument. An asylum, he says, has been freely given to all refugees; and "it is obvious that this hospitality could not be so freely given if it were not so widely extended;" a profound remark, which is rendered intelligible by the explanation that—

"Monarchical Governments might object to Republican refugees, and Republican Governments might object to Royalist refugees; and it would be difficult to defend such hospitality, which would then be founded upon favour, and not upon equal laws."

Make us expel patriots, says the Glass-House

Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, and we may be called upon to expel runaway princes—Bourbons, Buonapartes, or Braganzas. The argument must strike home; although foreign courts will hardly understand the difficulty of making the distinction. If we may credit the *Sun*, however,—an organ not strongly opposed to ministers,—the Commissioner for Foreign Affairs has been able to show that the inconvenience to which a vulgar national freedom exposes our court is only superficial. French and Hungarian refugees, it is reported, have been sent away from England, and "the third batch" went off last week! How is this? The explanation is, that they are *paid* to go; they have 4*l.* a head, besides every "comfort," and they are furnished with a cab if they are late for their ship. Such are the assiduous attentions of our government! It may be asked, whence comes the money for this purpose? English tax-payers—most of whom, just now, would protest against any such subservient evasion of the expulsion point—would like to know who furnishes the subsidies for carrying out Austrian or Napoleonic ideas?

When the rulers of nations take to the practice of buying off danger, they expose their country to disgrace and still greater danger than they avoid. Thus paying dangerous Frenchmen to go, we may be visited by Frenchmen, *not* refugees, in much larger numbers, in hopes that they, too, may be paid to go; and if we judge by appearances in high quarters, we might look in vain for an *Æmilius* to throw his sword into the scale. The Russell-Granville policy, it seems, is to protect foreigners, nay, even to *pay* "suspected" Frenchmen here; but to advertise a licence for foreign Governments to treat Englishmen how they please, without any payment at all. "*Civis Romanus sum*" used to be a shield of immunity: "I am an Englishman" now conveys, gratuitously, a shooting licence to Gaul, Goth, or Vandal.

STATESMEN AND JOURNALISTS.

It were ungracious to deny that the leading journal has, in reply to certain escapades of the House of Peers, very nobly and powerfully vindicated the dignity, and avenged the sincerity, of English journalism. The *Times* has not only asserted, with a force and precision of language worthy of itself and of the theme, the rights and duties of the English press, but the rights and duties of the great institution itself, which, wheresoever it breathes an uncorrupted air of independence, has ever been found the most zealous and effectual guardian of a nation's liberties. What a free press is, and what it has to do, cannot be too strongly, too distinctly, enforced. To Lord Derby's snarling assumption, that as, in these days, it aspires to share the influence of statesmen, so also it must share in their responsibilities, the *Times* has admirably replied, by denying that the press "is bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as statesmen. The purposes and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite."

Separate, indeed: for while the one lags feebly in the rear, the other is ever foremost in the vanguard of Opinion.

It were, indeed, to degrade this mighty organ of civilization, to seek to lower it to the easy level of Lords Grey and Derby's "statesmanship." On such terms, England would as readily dispense with a subservient press, as with the chartered incapacity of official Downing-street. Political and social progress would be reduced to safe Whig dimensions, secret diplomacy made absolute, abuses palliated or dissembled, not hunted out and exposed; reforms dallied with, not encouraged and advanced; ugly questions burked, not driven into the minds of populations, and thrust upon the scrutiny of governors! It would be to enervate and enfeeble the national life, to impoverish the life-blood of a people in a medicated atmosphere of reticences and collusions.

Let Statesmen play their ambiguous game. The press has other ground to occupy, other duties to fulfil, other work to accomplish, endowed with all the strength of undiluted principles, and with all the sincerity of uncompromising convictions. Broad and open as the day, keen and searching as the air we breathe, should be the tone and spirit of a free press. For what is it but the explicit standard of the realized thought

of the community? To be faithful to its task, it will express that thought unflinchingly. In any society so cultivated, and yet so far from perfected as our own, thought is not one and uniform, but many and diverse. To get at the sum of what society knows, and feels, and thinks, is our collective effort. The greater our freedom, the higher our responsibility: inseparable the duty and the right.

We maintain, then, that it is the glory of the English press to have denounced fraud, violence, and usurpation, and not, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," to have babbled about good intentions in the face of detestable acts; to have not seen law trampled upon, justice outraged, religion parodied, genius ostracized, opinion silenced, a whole nation beggared and enslaved, without a burst of such honest indignation as England feels, civilization demands, and humanity re-echoes. If our freedom make us responsible to governments for moderation, how much more does it make us responsible to nations for a fearless, outspoken sympathy. If that only true and lasting peace which we all desire is to be finally won, it will not be by the duplicities of statesmen, but through the communion of peoples; and to this brotherhood, what can more effectually contribute than the sense that England, happy in her isolation, is not selfish in her oneness, but that she has a national heart, to feel for the sufferings of nations, a voice to denounce the crimes of princes, a liberty to consecrate to the liberation of the oppressed. We believe and know that this frank and hearty friendship of the English press has done more than any treaties to unite the future destinies of France and England. It was only a few weeks since that one of the purest writers among our French brethren said of England, with a sigh of gratitude:—"There remains the isle of Delos. France is no more the land of light. England is henceforth the country of Humanity."

THE RHEUMATIC "OLD NOBILITY."

A TERRITORIAL aristocracy is the mainstay of a nation, says a distinguished political theorist,—it is the source of chivalrous spirit, the exemplar of high-minded patriotism, the hereditary leader of the people against the enemies of the state. "Let laws and learning," writes another practical philosopher, of the same school,—

"Let laws and learning, arts and commerce, die,
But leave us still our old nobility."

And although that process of extinction would restore us to the Middle Ages, something is to be said in favour of the proposition. If an old nobility, however, has lost the influence which it has so ample opportunity of making and retaining, it must be that it has lost its virtue. A nobility should be quick in honour, bold in act, open-handed to dependents. A nobility that preaches the "buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market" doctrine; that is the one super-excellent example in vacillation; that truckles to victorious baseness,—that nobility is one which has trodden off its own spurs, broken its sword, stained its escoccheon.

Of all adventurers to challenge the resentment of an old nobility, Louis Napoleon is the most conspicuous. The post he holds is his by no right of birth; he attained it by disloyalty; he holds it in defiance of right. What, then, makes the sons of our "old nobility" succumb to him? Why does Stanley of Derby cry "Hush!" to English indignation, lest the adventurer take offence? It was not in that spirit that his ancestress, the illustrious Countess of Derby, defended the little domain of her house against Fairfax and all the troops of the Parliament; stood out for royal right, even after despair had seized every other in the land; and was the last to yield, as she had been foremost to lead. She did not quail before the English Commonwealth. Has the spirit of the house of Stanley sunk below the level of that brave woman—so low, that a son of her line counsels his countrymen to hold their peace before a French usurper? It was not in that spirit that John Russell won his peerage and the Earldom of Bedford: he had no objection to take Frenchmen in the field, whatever the odds; and has he transmitted the broad lands of Woburn, a name, and a title, without the spirit that won and sustained them? It surprises Englishmen to see a minister, who does not forget the dignity of his kinsman William, even in adversity, who bears the very name of

John Russell, speaking fair to the disloyal Frenchman whose enthronement is a standing defiance against the laws of the Commonwealth, of inheritance, and of chivalry. The race of Grey, in the direct line, has not been so busy in history, and yet we remember how "the first Earl," recent as his earldom was, "stood by his order" in the proudest spirit of old; and not a man believes that he, if he had lived, would have truckled to the traitor because he was strong. "Our old nobility?"—It should be, *sans peur et sans reproche*: but it has grown used to reproach in a base tenacity of place, when to hold place was mean; and now it confesses that it stands in fear!

Crecy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Waterloo, are avenged. Our "old nobility" begs off another trial of its mettle.

What has happened to it? Is it possible that an old nobility may be too old? Scarcely; indeed, our oldest families, with some few exceptions, like that of Courtenay, are new compared to some of Europe, which are lost in the Middle Ages, or even dimly penetrate beyond. But it may have grown sickly; and that we suspect is the fact. It has been coddled, and the virtue has gone from it. The old nobility has had its Dalilah, its Armida, its Circe;—for all ages and climes have the false enchantress; and do we not call her "Civilization"?

The historian will couple with that remarkable manifesto the curious scene in the House of Commons on Friday,—the "knights of the shires" and the burgesses, the lords, soldiers, and other gentlemen, who sit to represent the people of England, busy cross-examining the worthy Doctor, whose duty it is to moderate the atmosphere for them—to make them a special atmosphere. They keep an officer, the lambs! on purpose to temper the wind to them! The very breath of heaven is, literally, "doctored" for their use. And even yet it visits their cheeks too rudely. One gallant officer complains that he still feels a draught here and a chill there; another knight of the shire feels inclined to faint with the heat; and a third finds his squeamish stomach turned with the smell of dinner. Even in that Lower House there are sons of our "old nobility": the very namesake and descendant of John Russell is there; and it is necessary that care should be taken of them. Although they are most of them old enough to go out, whether their mothers know it or not,—although the maid-servant does not go to fetch all of them home, with something warm to wrap them in, they supply the want; Honourable House is its own nurse, its own anxious mother; and the neglectful Reid is called to account for the whiffs of undoctored air that elude his engines, and intrude as strangers into the House. He confesses—breezes have entered, dinner smells have violated the sanctity of the place; but, he avers, it is all through Barry.

Yes, the potent Commons have engaged a builder to build them a house, and a doctor to doctor the winds within it; but, despite the majesty of Parliament, treating the House as if it were no better than a child put out to nurse, builder and doctor having fallen to loggerheads, and while they are squabbling, a stray zephyr occasionally gambols among the affrighted Members, and dinner comes between the wind and our old nobility. At last the forgetful doctor is had up, and called to account before the assembled Commons, before Europe, before history,—the same Europe and the same history that hear, with amusement, the sons of our "old nobility" lushing up the frank English voice, lest it provoke the Frenchman, draw upon us ugly war, and force us again to meddle with villainous salt-petre.

EDUCATIONAL FRANCHISE.

LORD JOHN lowers the borough franchise from 10*l.* to 5*l.*, because education and intelligence have, he presumes, extended in a corresponding ratio; and in the equation of intellect you may now measure the faculty of choosing a member by 5*l.* On this basis very interesting sums might be worked. If 5*l.* represents the power of estimating a Parliamentary candidate, what sum will indicate the power of discerning right from wrong? If 5*l.* carries the power to detect the right man for a legislator, what sum will give the power to know your own interest, or your own mind; what will determine the faculty of pronouncing on a correct actor, or deciding on a picture;

what express the ability of selecting a proper wife, or the right medical man for your case?

Payment to the assessed taxes is another money test of intelligence, but not payment of licence taxes. Why not? If occupying a house is a proof of ability, surely managing a public house is a still more decisive proof.

But it is evident that the money test is not carried to its full applicability: if paying 5*l.* rent proves cleverness, how much more does the getting off the payment prove! If you are for an intellectual test, why not make passing the Insolvent Debtors' Court convey a right to vote.

Simple-minded people object to this money test, and want a direct test of intellect or education. We do not see how they could conceive such a test which would not be open to abuse. You might, to be sure, examine candidates for the franchise, and pass the claim, if satisfactory answers were given to questions such as—"How to divide eight gallons of oil into equal parts, with an eight gallon cask, a five gallon, and a three gallon?" or, "Given the length of the ship, and the height of the main-mast, to find the captain's name." But candidates might cram for these qualifications as they do for a surgeon's diploma or university honours; and might fraudulently arrive at the captain's name by "coach." We believe there is no test of intellect like the money test, but why make it the paying of money. "A fool and his money are soon parted." Decidedly it should be receiving money, or getting away without payment. If 2*l.* assessed taxes indicate the Parliamentary answer, how many handkerchieves should enfranchise an Artful Dodger?

HISTORIC PARALLEL.

Dedicated to the Saviour of Society.

(By an English Sympathizer, not a Peer nor un Docent.)

Le glorieux mot de Pavie
Jusqu'à la corde était usé:
Le Redempteur de la Patrie,
Napoléon, l'a retourné:
Et, fors l'honneur tout est sauté.

BALLOT EMBELLINGS OF BYGONE DAYS.

WHAT a time Lord John's ideas take to ripen! Some years ago, a witty contemporary used to liken those ideas to a pear, and to exhort people to wait while the said pear should get ripe; but nobody then fully appreciated the force of the prospective satire: it has taken twenty years to develop the force. Twenty years ago, at Torquay, on the 15th of September, 1832, Lord John Russell spoke as follows:—"If the landlords of this country should presume upon their power, should presume upon their terrible position, to compel men who have entered into no such bargain to dispose of their votes as mere servants of these landlords, I must tell them, and fairly tell them, that we shall resent it, and other measures must follow. . . Great as I apprehend the inconveniences of the Ballot may be, convinced as I am in my own mind that it is no light matter, and that no slight danger would be entered on by adopting the vote by Ballot, yet if it come to this, that I must either adopt such a measure, or that I must see the tenantry of England ranged at elections contrary to the feelings and wishes of themselves, I should have no hesitation—I should have no doubt—I should renounce my previous opinions, and I should at once adopt the vote by Ballot." And there is no ballot yet in Lord John's Reform Bill No. II. He is keeping it for Reform Bill, No. III., which he contemplates for the year 1872; for it does take his ideas such a time to ripen!

CERVANTES, MOLIERE, SHAKESPEARE.—These men were all alike in this—they loved the natural history of man. Not what he should be, but what he is, was the favourite subject of their thought. Whenever a noble leading opened to the eye new paths of light, they rejoiced; but it was never fancy, but always fact, that inspired them. They loved a thorough penetration of the murkiest dens, and most tangled paths of nature; they did not spin from the desires of their own special natures, but reconstructed the world from materials which they collected on every side. Thus their influence upon me was not to prompt me to follow out thought in myself so much, as to detect it everywhere; for each of these men is not only a nature, but a happy interpreter of many natures.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.*



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

ARCHBISHOP WHATLEY AND THE PORT ROYAL LOGIC.

SIR.—Mr. Thomas Spencer Baynes has favoured the public with a new translation of the famous *Port Royal Logic*, for which every English student of reasoning is his debtor. Besides a body of rare knowledge not before accessible to the ordinary reader, Mr. Baynes's admirable introduction mentions many anterior logicians of interest, from which we see that some curious historical omissions have been made by the most eminent of modern Oxford writers on this subject.

Dr. Whatley, indeed, disclaims, in his work on Logic, any intention of presenting a *history* of logical writers, but he does profess to give "a rapid glance at the series down to the present day, and of the general tendency of their labours." Yet, after mentioning Boethius, he cites merely Bacon, Locke, and Watts; and the reader is left with the impression that these are the only noticeable logicians of modern times.*

Following, however, the Introduction of Mr. Baynes, we find that this "rapid glance" might have been wider and more particular. After Boethius, we hear from Mr. Baynes of such men as Laurentius Valla and Ludovicus Vives, whom Mr. Baynes describes as men of really independent thought. Thomas Granger, "preacher of God's Word," wrote a book of note in 1620. The grandfather of Sir Kenelm Digby published a work previously, in 1589. Abraham France in 1588, and Zachary Coke in 1654, both English gentlemen of Lincoln's-inn and Gray's-inn, were, it appears, authors of works on Logic, "able, curious, learned, and of considerable scientific value."

But the student of limited means of research is very much interested in discovering that there existed, two centuries ago, a French Whatley—one Antony Arnauld, a man who did so much for Logic, and wrote so many memorable things thereupon, that it is not possible to estimate the essayist of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* relatively, without understanding the chief author of the *Port Royal Logic*. Yet the Archbishop of Dublin, the essayist above referred to, is silent about Arnauld.

The hopeless rigidity which had fallen on the science of Logic—the puerility of its examples—the contempt of the vulgar and exaggeration of the learned, are main points which Archbishop Whatley notices; and scholars regard him for the ability with which he corrects the errors, animates the illustrations, and moderates the pretensions of the science. It would, however, have interested many to have been told that this had been done before for the French people; that Antony Arnauld had recast the same subject with a vivacity of criticism, freshness of illustration, and withal a human sympathy, which redeemed logical science from contempt, and placed it on a level with the advancing philosophy of his time.

It has escaped me, upon several examinations, if Dr. Whatley mentions the *Port Royal Logic* at all. Certainly the name of Arnauld is omitted in his "series of logical writers." It is not possible that Archbishop Whatley was unacquainted with him. Aldrich, whom Whatley so often quotes, mentions him, and Aldrich is the only older Oxford writer whom Mr. Baynes remembers to have alluded to him. Coincidences of illustration, as well as spirit, seem to suggest Dr. Whatley's acquaintance with Arnauld. In Book IV., chap. iii., § 1,

* Professor Boole lately remarked that more than 2000 writers on logic are recorded from the days of Aristotle to the present time.

Whately remarks:—"Inferring and Proving are not two different things, but the same thing regarded in two different points of view: like the road from London to York, and the road from York to London."

Arnauld expressly says, (Part IV. chapter ii., of the *Port Royal Logic*), that "the two methods of analysis and synthesis differ only as the road by which we ascend from a valley to a mountain, from that by which we descend from the mountain into the valley."

Whately signalizes his Logic by taking a great sceptic, and trying his strength upon him. Arnauld did the same thing in his Logic. The analogy is remarkable.

Arnauld, in his first Discourse, observes, in relation to Montaigne, the Hume of France, that after Montaigne had said that the Academies were different from the Pyrrhonists, inasmuch as the Academies maintained that some things were more probable than others, which the Pyrrhonists would not allow, Montaigne declares himself on the side of the Pyrrhonists in these terms:—"The opinion of the Pyrrhonists is bolder and much more probable." To this, Arnauld quickly adds:—"There are, therefore, some things which are more probable than others." In Dr. Whately's refutation of Hume, turning upon an illicit process of a major and ambiguous middle term, there is nothing half so brilliant as this.

Were this the place to enter upon the subject, many other remarkable points of similarity between Whately and Arnauld might be shown. But I continue the instances which warranted the mention of Arnauld's name by, his eminent continuator in our day.

Dr. Whately, perfectly familiar with his subject, which he has stated, restated, and it appears revised eleven different times, undoubtedly presents us with happy formulas of expression. In one instance, the most prominent perhaps of his realizations, he tells us that the function of logic is to exhibit reasoning in such a manner that the validity of an argument shall be evident from the mere form of the expression.

But is this comparable in suggestiveness or instruction for the student, to the reduction of the general laws of syllogism to the single principle of the *Port Royal Logic* (Part III. chapter x.), that "one of the premises must contain the conclusion, and the other show that it does so?"

The student of Whatley has his attention drawn to many able, and is also entertained with some trivial, objections to Logic, combated with gravity by his Grace, while in Arnauld are to be found profound objections, which pass unnoticed. The opening of the third part of the *Port Royal Logic* contains this passage, alike admirable for its penetration and candour—"It may be doubted whether Logic is really as useful as it has been supposed to be. The greater part of the errors of men arises much more from their reasoning on false principles than from their reasoning wrongly on their principles. It rarely happens that men allow themselves to be deceived by reasonings which are false, only because the consequences are ill deduced; and those who are not capable of discovering such errors by the light of reason alone, would not commonly understand the rules which are given for this purpose, much less the application of them. Nevertheless, considering these rules simply as speculative truths, they may always be useful as mental discipline; and further than this, it cannot be denied that they are of service on some occasions, and in relation to those persons who, being of a lively and inquiring turn of mind, allow themselves, at times, for want of attention, to be deceived by false consequences, which attention to these rules would probably rectify."

This passage has the merit of stating the case of Logic as it stands now in the estimation of the critical public after two centuries of controversy.

Of the like nature is the opening of chapter ix. (Part III.). "It must be confessed," says Arnauld, "that if there are some to whom logic is a help, there are many to whom it is a hindrance; and it must be acknowledged, at the same time, that there are none to whom it is a greater hindrance than to those who pride themselves most upon it, and who affect, with the greatest display, that they are good logicians; for this very affectation, being the mark of a low and shallow mind, it comes to pass that they, attaching themselves more to the exterior of the rules than to good sense, which is the soul of them, are easily led to reject as bad reasoning some which are very good, since they have not sufficient penetration to adjust them to the rules which serve no other purpose than to deceive them, because they comprehend them only imperfectly." The man who, two centuries ago, could write thus about Logic, deserved some notice at the hand of an author who has put forth his strength upon nameless critics and trivial objectors.

In Dr. Whatley's sketch of the rhetorical writers, no mention is made of his great Jansenist predecessor,

although the maxims of rhetorical wisdom to be met with in Arnauld's *Art of Thinking* are matchless. For a Propagandist, there is no wiser teacher than Arnauld. Any rhetorician will warn you against the errors of ignorance, but Arnauld warns you against the errors of honesty. To mean well is the soul of all the virtues; but good intention by no means implies infallibility or rhetorical wisdom. For the friends of progress there is no better practice than the study of Antony Arnauld and St. Augustine, whom he quotes.

Another point touching Arnauld is not less interesting to the logical controversialist. Mr. Samuel Bailey has published a work on the *Theory of Reasoning*, in which he denies the validity of the celebrated dictum of Aristotle (so emblazoned by the Archbishop of Dublin), as the universal principle of reasoning. Mr. Bailey proves his case by adducing other principles on which reasoning (he says) really proceeds. He shows that only the first Figure is referable to the "universal" dictum, and that the other figures really have dicta of their own. When Mr. Bailey had drawn out these dicta he found that for two of the figures the same thing had been done in the *Port Royal Logic* two hundred years ago. Mr. Bailey's objections to the Logic of the schools is not founded upon ignorance—his knowledge of it removes him from that suspicion; his criticism does not proceed from prejudice—his character disproves the possibility of that supposition. On these points Arnauld was the precursor: he was, it appears, a master of his subject. Not only did he deserve mention, but his work was the work which especially demanded it.

One might here say—why do not philosophers like Bailey, who have the rare capacity of thinking as the wise think, and at the same time talking as the common people talk, take some precaution that the people shall gain access to their works? Instead of this, they publish with some one of whom the people seldom hear, and at a price which they can never pay. The love of logical studies has passed over to the people, but any eminent work upon the subject, excepting Archbishop Whatley's incomparable *Lessons in Reasoning* (as the schools taught it), of which few working men know anything, must be obtained on loan and copied. And this is often done. But to sit down after the day's work in the mill is over, to copy, by a low fire and a dim candle, at a late hour—though eminently creditable to scholastic devotion—is conducive neither to eyesight nor health.

As an exposition of the Logic of the schools, Whatley's works are above all praise. No one capable of reflection, practised in study, or of any experience in comparison, will have any other feeling than that of gratitude for the services of that eminent divine.

The point of interest to your correspondent, however, is this. The student of logic, with any love for it, wants to know all about it. His faith in Whatley shaken, by finding points of so much importance overlooked, and persons of so much celebrity ignored, he knows not what may remain behind. Sir William Hamilton is often spoken of as being the *historian* of Logic. In Mr. Augustus De Morgan's controversy with him, De Morgan spoke of him as being the "best able of any to furnish information on questions of this kind." If any of your correspondents could say whether Sir William has published the history often announced from his pen, or whether any accessible work of a like nature exists, it would confer a benefit on your correspondent, and on many of your readers among the working class, who have been inspired with a love of the study without finding any corresponding provision for its satisfactory gratification.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

[In Dr. Travis's last letter, for "self-regarded," read "self-regarding;" for "disease," read "decease;" for "in operation," read "inoperative."]

W. H. W. We have no room for the translations he proposes.

HORACE.—Horace was a great deal to me then, and is so still. Though his words do not abide in memory, his presence does: serene, courtly, of darting hazel eye, a self-sufficient grace, and an appreciation of the world of stern realities, sometimes pathetic, never tragic. He is the natural man of the world; he is what he ought to be, and his darts never fail of their aim. There is a perfume and raciness, too, which makes life a banquet, where the wit sparkles no less than the viands were bought with blood.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*.

ACTION v. THOUGHT.—A moment of action in one's self, however, is worth an age of apprehension through others; not that our deeds are better, but that they produce a renewal of our being.—*Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WORTHY, perhaps, of a passing mention in the literary gossip of the day, is the foundation of a new club, which may end, as so many before it have ended, in utter insignificance, but which may also grow into celebrity, and have a history of its own. We allude to the FIELDING CLUB, the members of which, limited to fifty, are drawn from various classes,—authors, artists, guardsmen, lawyers, actors, M.P.'s, noblemen, and "clubbable men," as JOHNSON called GOLDSMITH. Like the old clubs of JOHNSON'S day, this is meant only as a meeting of wits. A weekly dinner and an evening lounge comprise, we believe, the whole of its objects: it is for those who like wit combats, not for bachelors in want of a luxurious home.

THE prospectus of a new literary journal is before us, *The Scottish Athenæum*, which is to make its appearance on the 1st of March, and to continue every fortnight. Until the journal has actually appeared, it may be idle to offer remarks upon its scope and purpose, yet we cannot refrain from making two friendly suggestions, to be weighed and treated according to their worth. The first suggestion is, that instead of imitating the *Athenæum*, the new journal should depart as widely from it as possible, in construction, in purpose, and in tone. A journal should have its own individuality; the more it resembles another, the less need there is for its existence. If Scotland wants an *Athenæum*, there is an excellent paper of that name ready to hand. Give Scotland a new journal, and there is "ample room and verge enough" for as many as can be invented; but we greatly doubt if new writers, without a new organ, will find a public. Scotland is not, intellectually, so separated from England as to need an *Athenæum* of its own, that shall be a copy of the English journal. One great and important feature we can at once indicate, as sufficient to give a distinctive position to the new work, and our second suggestion has reference to it. The *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette* both eschew politics and religion, a limitation of the field of literature which seriously detracts from their value, although it gives them a distinctive position. Let our Scottish friends boldly resolve to open the arena of discussion; let them treat politics and religion in a high, serious, and abstract spirit, with generous recognition of the diversities of parties, and magnanimous disregard of what is called "consistency,"—not tying down contributors to any programme of settled minutiae, but allowing latitude to individual thought, and making the general tendencies of the journal sufficiently broad and coherent to counteract any special divergency;—then indeed they may stand a chance of creating a powerful organ. We anticipate the answer: Politics and Religion are too agitating for the calm amenities of Literature,—people who can come to no agreement on the two former, will shake hands over the latter! That answer is specious, and not sound. You cannot separate literature from the two great and serious influences; or, if you do so, Literature is a summer holiday's amusement, and no more.

The objection is sometimes made to us by sincere, but short-sighted well-wishers, who regret that the *Leader* should risk its success, by the introduction of religion. "Newspapers," we are told, "are not the proper place for religion." We presume to think otherwise. Wherever we cast our eyes, we see social life inextricably interwoven with religion, which is everywhere an animating impulse, or a formidable obstacle. In Science, in Art, in Literature, in Morals, in Politics, we can sound the bottom nowhere without touching religion. At the three typical events of life—at birth, marriage, and death,—at the cradle, the altar, and the grave, we are confronted by this religion, which you would have us pass in silence! If newspapers have not to treat that grave and all-embracing subject, their object is contemptible.

In the *Rambler* for this month, there is an article by a French bishop, on the propriety of journalists treating religious questions. We have only to replace the word catholic by spiritualistic, and the following passage expresses our views:—

"Ignorance in religious matters, and indifference, its inevitable result, are undoubtedly the two great plagues of our day. Now it is certain that in the present state of things there is nothing better calculated, in the long-run, to remedy the evil in the masses of the population than religious journalism. Without it, the greater number of catholic questions would no longer be even mooted in the world, whereas in consequence of its existence they are necessarily studied; in the first instance by the lay editors, who may probably make a few blunders at starting, but who, needing as they do the countenance of the clergy, will soon take care to make themselves competently acquainted with such subjects; they will be studied, in the next place, by the lay subscribers to these journals, who, generally speaking, would never have the resolution to open a theological work, but who will willingly give their attention to some occasional theological discussion introduced into the columns of a journal; they will even be studied by lay writers inimical to religion, who being sometimes under the necessity of engaging in dispute with the religious periodicals, would expose themselves to the mortification of making gross mistakes if they did not study their adversaries' doctrines."

If our objecting friends will consider the matter for awhile, they will see that it is not our introduction of religion, so much as our introduction of religious views at variance with all shades of orthodoxy, which prompts their council. The *Times*, the *Chronicle*, the *Standard*, and the *Nonconformist* are not told to forbear from touching religious questions; then why should we forbear?—because our beliefs are at variance with esta-

blished churches? Caution might whisper such a thing, but *Conviction* disdains to lend an ear to it! Other creeds have their organ; the *Leader* is the organ of a creed which is, more or less consciously, the creed of vast numbers (we will not say the majority, lest it be held as boasting) of the thinking minds of Europe—a creed which, rejecting all the forms of revealed religion, is yet able, in all sincerity, to respect those forms, because of its cardinal principle. We hold that the religious sentiment is the same in all men (differing only in degree), and the intellectual forms, or dogmas, which that sentiment may accept, are nothing more than the efforts of the Intellect to explain the great mysteries all feel and none can penetrate: this man accepts the Swedenborgian explanation, that man the Mahometan; this man the Pantheistic, that man the Calvinistic; yet, after all, each is forced in humility to own that God is inscrutable! We, in the *Leader*, act upon that conviction; because we believe God to be inscrutable, we distrust all theologies that pretend to be more than the formulas of a faith which, though ineradicable, is not capable of intellectual proof. We may, without vain boasting, appeal to our treatment of antagonists in proof of the respect with which we view every conviction, no matter how opposed to our own. A sarcasm may escape us now and then, a phrase more bitter than becomes philosophy may sometimes be flung at an absurdity; for we have no immunity from error, and fall short of our own standard, like other men; but on great occasions, and in the general conduct of discussion, we appeal to our readers to decide whether we have not uniformly upheld and practised the principles of full religious liberty?

PLATO tells us how, at the grand banquet given in Olympus in honour of the birth of Venus, the guests were startled by the appearance of a woman, pale and wan with hunger, who stretched forth her hands, imploringly for food. Her name was Poverty. Before the birth of man she was; and—if we are to believe Job's comforters, the economists—she will live till the end of time. That the "poor shall not die out of the land" seems to many a consolatory creed, and nothing can surpass their angry scorn of those who indulge the fond hope of extirpating the evil of pauperism. That poverty and misery have always accompanied man is an historical fact; that they always and inevitably must do so, is a prophecy we refuse to accept; though M. CARNE, in an able article in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, endeavours to convince us of its truth, declaring it to be a "fundamental law of human nature"—'tis

"Destiny unshunnable as Death,"

Looking at human history as we do, the prophecy seems singularly unwarrantable. That Want should have chequered the lot of ignorant man is conceivable enough; doubtless the chimpanzee, prowling through the woods, is sometimes hard pushed for food, and the lion grows lean and irritable upon insufficient nourishment; but that man should never be able to control his destiny by forethought and conquest over Nature—that his science and care should not provide against famine, over-population, and the inequalities of fortune, that is what we cannot believe; if it be Utopian to hold such views, be it ours to deserve the name of Utopists!

Curious it is to notice the sophisms of optimism in this matter. The fact of Want being a terrible reality there is no gainsaying, has forced religious optimists to reconcile it with their ideas of benevolence. But to them all reconciliations of that kind are facile. St. AUGUSTIN was one of the first; he escaped the difficulty by a bold assertion—"God has willed that we should all bear our burdens: the burden of the poor is want, the burden of the rich is wealth." This is one way of equalizing burdens, certainly. The burden of wealth—whose back is too weak to bear that? Whom do we find anxious to unburthen himself of it?

Something of the same intrepidity of sophism we find in a recent work by a Dr. DUNCAN, called *God in Disease; or, the Manifestations of Design in Morbid Phenomena*,—wherein he undertakes to point out the "contrivance" and the "Divine beneficence" of disease! That a man should ever have stood by the bedside of patients, should have walked the hospitals, and seen the lingering life-long sufferings consequent upon some accident resulting from no crime greater than that of stepping on an unobserved piece of orange-peel, and then deliberately attribute these sufferings to the "contrivance" of a "Divine beneficence," is, to our minds, a most painful evidence of the moral and mental perversion which current religious dogmas effect.

HISTORY OF THE WHIGS.

History of the Whig Ministry of 1830 to the Passing of the Reform Bill. By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. 2 vols. John W. Parker and Son.

ANXIOUS as we are to respond to the natural eagerness of curiosity on the part of readers to know "all about" Mr. Roebuck's new work, which seems to have been delayed, in order to appear at the very moment when "expectation sits high in the air," and public feeling, agitated by the hopes, fears, and scorns suggested by Lord John's new Bill, lends to these volumes the interest of a pamphlet,—anxious as we are, yet the reading faculty being limited, and the demands thereon almost unlimited, we cannot this week venture on an estimate of the *History of the Whig Ministry*, certain scruples—popularly discredited—about not having read the work preventing us. Only two-thirds of the first volume have as yet been mastered, and we must content ourselves this week with an extract or so.

The *History* does not, as we were given to understand, come down to the present time; it ceases with the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, and the author only contemplates bringing it down to 1834. There are

advantages in this limitation. It will not coerce the author into dry and brief outlines of important episodes, but will enable him to treat them with something of the fulness necessary to a thorough enjoyment of historical writing. By giving him space and breathing-room, the reader travels through the annals of his country without fatigue, and with profit. Nothing bears abridgment so ill as history.

But to our purpose: we open with this

PORTRAIT OF SIR ROBERT PEELE.

"Sir Robert Peel, in his political career, committed great mistakes; he was, nevertheless, from the very character of his mind, peculiarly fitted to be a potent leader of the English people. He was not a rapid learner, but he was continually improving. He was ever ready to listen to the exposition of new ideas, and though slow to adopt them, slow to understand and appreciate their truth and importance, if true they were, he was always prepared to entertain and discuss them. His strongest sympathies, too, were with the nation, and not with a small dominant section or party, and in this he was pre-eminently distinguished from the Whig statesmen whom he through life opposed. They may rule for the nation, but they certainly rule by a clique. If they are liberal sometimes in opinion, it is because to be so suits their party purposes. If they adopt a new idea, it is for the same immediate end. They refuse to be associated with any but their own peculiar set, and deem no one capable of conducting wisely the affairs of the nation, unless he be allied to their own party, and thus born to dominion. Sir Robert Peel had none of this exclusive feeling. He was great enough to perceive and appreciate worth in others, had the wisdom to receive instruction even from opponents, and candour to acknowledge the obligation. Thus he went on to the end, improving with the nation to which he belonged, never outrunning, and seldom, certainly not of late years, lagging much behind the national mind. Had his intellect been of a bolder and more original cast, he would probably have been a less successful minister, as in that case he might often have proposed reforms before the nation was prepared to receive them, and thus have diminished his power as a minister, while earning the renown of a philosopher. His chief danger, however, was from an opposite quarter. On two momentous occasions he lingered too long in the ancient ways, and was too tardy in following public opinion. He ran no risk of being ever before it. But the pioneer who prepares the way is not he who reaps either the immediate benefit or honour resulting from his labour. The philosopher who discovers great truths, and collects the evidence by which they are eventually established, must be content to have his reward in the reverence and gratitude of posterity, and must be satisfied with the consciousness of the real value and importance of his discoveries. But the statesman, to be useful, must be powerful; and in a government like ours, and among a practical people like the English, the safest course for a reforming minister, is never to be before his age. Let him not be obstinately wedded to any views or opinions—let him be ever ready to hear, and carefully and respectfully listen, to all sides of every question—but let him religiously abstain from appropriating, or assenting to any novel conception, until the public thoroughly understands, and earnestly adopts it. Sir Robert Peel, twice in his life, erred in being too much of a laggard, and upon the Catholic question so committed himself, in opposition to emancipation, that no road of decorous retreat was open to him. He indeed broke through the trammels which his party connexions had created, and which his own ingenuity had materially strengthened. The lesson was severe, and, to a mind so sensitive as his, must have been exquisitely painful. The effect, however, was, in the end, greatly conducive to the superiority to which, in a few years afterwards, he attained. He was made a new man by the trial and suffering to which he was thus subjected, and although upon the question of Parliamentary Reform he again committed the same mistake—that false step was not without its advantages, as he was thereby enabled to rally around him the fragments of the old Tory party, and by their aid to win his way again to office and to power. His conduct during his last administration, though it gave offence, never to be forgiven, to some of his immediate partisans, made him the most popular minister and the most powerful statesman known in England since the days of the first William Pitt. The nation had confidence in his prudence; they believed him sincerely anxious to promote the welfare of his country, and to have real sympathies with the industrious millions of our people. There was a feeling, every day growing stronger, that he was destined to be the people's minister; that he would be able, by means of popular support, to which at length he could alone look for aid, to depart from the rule by which the whole government of the country had hitherto been placed exclusively in the hands of the aristocracy, and to unite upon the Treasury bench a really national administration—one in which the practical sagacity and the multitudinous interests of the mercantile, manufacturing, and labouring classes should have representatives, who would not appear in the degraded character of ministerial lackeys, but as independent and equal colleagues; not receiving office as a favour, and holding it upon sufferance, but taking it as a right, and retaining it, not in accordance with the will of an exclusive clique, but in obedience to the wishes and command of the nation. Entertaining the hope that such was to be the ultimate mission of Sir Robert Peel, the nation looked with eager expectation to his future career. He rose in their affections in proportion as he lost the favour of his party, and he never was so powerful as when by that party he was at last scouted, and deemed to be for ever dismissed. But, unfortunately, this hope was not to be fulfilled, and the intensity of the national sorrow upon the death of Sir Robert Peel, gave a practical proof of the extent of those expectations which had thus been unhappily frustrated. Every succeeding year increases our regret; a bitter and humiliating experience of the inefficiency of those by whom he has been succeeded, making us more acutely feel the loss we sustained, when, by an untoward fate, he was prematurely snatched away."

Side by side with this may be placed the

PORTRAIT OF O'CONNELL.

"In the history of mankind there have been few instances of a power so extraordinary as that which Mr. O'Connell now exercised over his countrymen. He was himself thoroughly an Irishman—endowed with many great powers—wanting many qualities, without which no man can be deemed really great. Of a commanding presence, gifted with a beautiful and flexible voice; also with great quickness, versatility, wit, and the power of compressing a long argument into a short and epigrammatic sentence—he seemed formed by nature for the very part which the peculiar condition of his country called upon him to enact. His early education had given him manners something of an ecclesiastical smoothness when in the society of gentlemen—more particularly English gentlemen; but when addressing his own countrymen, he could assume (perhaps *resume* might be the more

correct word) a rollicking air, which completely won the hearts of the excitable peasantry whom he sought to move, and over whom he indeed ruled with an absolute despotism. With the catholic priesthood he had also great influence, and by their aid obtained and continued his extraordinary power over his uneducated countrymen. When speaking of the priesthood, or to a priest, the demeanour of Mr. O'Connell, indeed, was so deferential as to appear a perfect prostration of mind and body to ghostly dominion. His strict observance of the forms of his religion, the fervour of his outward piety, won the confidence and esteem of the Irish catholic clergy. They believed him a true and obedient son of the church—they trusted him, and finding him endowed with great ability, they, in their turn, followed and supported his political agitation. This mutual confidence was greatly promoted by the character of Mr. O'Connell's piety, in which terror played no common part. Subject to the influence of strong passions—of undoubting faith, but also liable to fits of despondency and fear, he was just the man to be an active and useful instrument in the hands of an astute and grasping priesthood. In most cases in which an alliance takes place between a layman and a priest, there is a lurking mutual distrust, which, spite of every art and disguise, betrays itself from time to time. But in the instance of Mr. O'Connell no such distrust seems ever to have arisen on either side. The priests of his church were too sagacious to fail in accurately appreciating the extent and character of their power over his mind. They knew his weakness and their own strength; they had no fear, consequently, when aiding him to acquire power over the peasantry;—because they were sure that this power would never be employed to diminish or even to check their own spiritual influence, and temporal authority and wealth. A perfect mutual cordiality and confidence appeared to exist, and we believe did in reality exist, between them and Mr. O'Connell; and great advantage resulted to both parties from this alliance. The benefit which Mr. O'Connell received from the priests he amply repaid by the many political services which he rendered to the whole of his catholic countrymen.

"He was a skillful lawyer;—thoroughly acquainted with the character of his countrymen, and ready at all times to aid them when subject to accusation by the government, or quarrelling among themselves. They who have witnessed his conduct on criminal trials and at *Nisi Prius*, describe him as unrivalled in the dexterity with which he managed a jury; while those who have heard his legal arguments before the judges in Dublin, speak of them as models of forensic skill. The contrast between his manner on these different occasions proved his marvellous versatility, and ought to have prepared the House of Commons for his admirably appropriate demeanour, when he first appeared before them, as the one great representative of Roman-catholic Ireland. He was at all times a finished actor, and could assume, or throw off at once and completely, any part he chose. The familiar buffonery, the sly fun, the coarse, nay almost vulgar but really artful pathos and sarcasm of the *counsel*, on the circuit, whether defending a prisoner in the Crown Court, or engaged in a cause at *Nisi Prius*, were all entirely laid aside, and succeeded by a simple, grave, and even polished demeanour, when *in Banco* he had to argue before the judges of the superior courts. And this subdued but still natural manner, how different was it from that of the fierce demagogue, the impassioned accuser of his country's oppressors, who led the vast assemblies which attended the meetings of the Catholic Association! On this arena he seemed to revel in his freedom—to throw away restraint—to give up all command over his feelings—to make himself, indeed, his passions' slave. But amid what appeared his wildest ravings, he was ever truly master of himself;—assuming the licence of an unbridled tongue, under the guise of an overbearing indignation;—making his passion an excuse, when it was, in fact, the pretence—he forced others really to feel the indignation, of which he exhibited only a finished imitation. In the House of Commons every trace of the ranting, rampant demagogue entirely disappeared. In the whole range of rhetoric difficulties, nothing approaches that of appealing successfully in the House of Commons to any romantic sentimentality. All who have been accustomed to address various assemblies of men, must have discovered, that appeals to passion, generous sentiment, romantic honour, are generally grateful only to simple and unlettered audiences. That as the audience becomes composed of men of a more finished education, of a larger experience in the ways of men, just in the same degree all such passionate appeals become distasteful, and therefore difficult, not to say impossible. The taste becomes more fastidious—the feelings, by worldly contact, more blunted—and suspicion more ready and more quick-sighted. What would make an assembly of peasants weep, would probably send the House of Commons to sleep, or would keep them awake simply by exciting their contempt and disgust. Mr. O'Connell knew this well, and further, he was aware that the assembly into which he entered, when he entered the House of Commons, was as courageous as fastidious. That it was as difficult to excite their fear as it was easy to offend their taste. To bully them he knew was dangerous—to frighten them impossible—to persuade them out of their former convictions, almost hopeless; but to amuse and interest them—to command their attention and respect by wit, knowledge, clear and forcible statement and accurate reasoning, and sometimes by rare and felicitous and finished touches of passionate argument, to excite and almost convince them,—all this, he was aware, was within the power of a great orator. Proudly conscious that he could aspire to this high calling, with a calm self-possession he applied himself to his last most difficult task of conquering the attention—the respectful attention—of an adverse House of Commons, and—succeeded.

"That Mr. O'Connell's powers were of the highest order cannot be denied—that few men have had opportunities of rendering great services to their country, so numerous and happy as he had, is also certain. It must however be confessed that his great ability and glorious opportunities were of comparatively little use either to himself or others—and that few have so long and to such an extent engaged the attention of the world, and have passed away, leaving so little behind them by which they can be worthily remembered.

"To assume the manner, and employ the language that would please a particular assembly, and contribute to the attainment of a given end, was no difficult task for so finished an actor as Mr. O'Connell. But to be observant of the truth—to sacrifice selfish purposes—to withstand the popular prejudice that created his power, required a mind trained from infancy to obey the dictates of the exalted morality fitted for a free people, and which among them alone can be found. Unfortunately for his fame and the happiness of his country, Mr. O'Connell was tainted with the vices produced by that dominion against which he reared a gallant front. The slavery that he attempted to vanquish, had exercised its baneful influence over his own mind. That carelessness respecting truth which always attends the slave's condition, deformed the mind of him who was destined in one remarkable instance to overcome the very tyranny which marked with ignominy the race to which he belonged."

Many of our readers will remember the absurd opinions current at the time, in the form of objections to the Duke of Wellington as Minister, assuming that a great soldier could know nothing of the work of a Minister: Mr. Roebuck has a pertinent reply:—

"No man can be a great soldier unless he possess great administrative talent, and this talent is more likely to be brought forth, and fostered by the business of war, than by the management of cases at Nisi Prius; yet because of his habit of speaking, the lawyer is deemed capable of governing, while the soldier, whose life is spent in action and not in talk, is considered unversed in what are called the civil affairs of state. The training of the Duke of Wellington was however of a much higher character than any which ordinary statesmen, or soldiers, or lawyers can hope to enjoy. In India, and in Spain and Portugal, he led armies and he governed nations. To feed his armies, and to keep the people for whom he was nominally engaged, obedient and favourable to his cause, he was obliged to bring into action all those great qualities of mind which are needed for the practical government of mankind. Every intricate question of finance, the various and perplexing operations of trade, the effects of every institution, commercial, political, of law and administration,—all had to be understood, weighed, watched, and applied, while he led the armies of England, and in fact governed the people of Spain and Portugal. The vast combinations needed for his great campaigns, made him familiar with every operation of government; and the peculiar relation in which he stood to the people of Spain and Portugal, and their various rulers, called into action every faculty of his mind, and made him profoundly skilled in the difficult art of leading and controlling men of all classes and of all characters."

Here is an amusing passage, worth keeping in mind during the present debate:—

"The real party move respecting reform was made by Lord John Russell, who, on the 23rd of February, asked for leave to bring in a bill 'to enable the towns of Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham to return representatives to serve in parliament.' A more harmless change cannot be conceived—and while harmless, it had every appearance of fairness and reasonableness. Half-a-dozen members, even if elected by universal suffrage, would not have changed the real character of the House. The landed interests would have still been undoubtedly dominant. The votes of Garton would alone have neutralized those of Birmingham, and the majority would still have obeyed the commands of the small number of proprietors, who really returned the House of Commons. While the reality was thus to be unchanged, an appearance of fairness would have been gained of infinite service to the possessors of this mighty monopoly. They would on all occasions have been able to point to these popular representatives when any attack was made on the composition of the House. 'Who can say,' they would have triumphantly asked, 'that the large towns are not represented—look at London, at Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol.' If to these, Glasgow and Sheffield had been added, this question would have proved a serious and lasting obstacle in the path of all succeeding reformers. Fortunately, the opponents of reform were short-sighted and timid. They feared the proposal, because it was a change. Any alteration they dreaded, because thereby the prestige of an unalterable, inviolable nature would no longer have attended on the House of Commons. 'Once begin,' they exclaimed, 'and we do not know when there will be a stop!' The melody of reasons for opposing the motion was curious and instructive. Lord Sandon opposed it by moving an amendment in the words of the resolution brought forward by Lord John Russell himself in a previous year, and by which it was proposed to transfer the franchise from places convicted of bribery and corruption to certain large towns. This plan had been many times proposed, and had as often been defeated either in the House of Commons or Lords. Lord Sandon, and apparently on that account, moved once again to adopt it. He objected to the present plan of Lord J. Russell, because it had no defined limit: 'If you give the franchise to Leeds because of its populousness, why not also to Sheffield, which is already more populous?—why not to any other town which may hereafter become so? But if you still go on, you will increase the numbers of the House of Commons, already too great.' He therefore proposed the oft-defeated plan of exchange. Mr. Twiss opposed both the original motion and the amendment, because he considered them both an infringement of the acts of union with Scotland and Ireland. Lord Valentia opposed the motion of Lord John Russell, because he saw that noble lord's name in the minority on Lord Blandford's motion. In such a case he judged of measures by the men who proposed them. Sir George Murray was determined to give his vote against the plan, spite of his having admitted the Catholics, and spite of his willingness to transfer the franchise from corrupt to incorrupt places, first because he did not like increasing the numbers of the House, and next because he was afraid of introducing a demagogue influence which might sway their determinations. Mr. Wynn feared increasing indefinitely the numbers of the members, and considered that if there was anything sacred in the union with Ireland, it was that the proportion of representatives then established should be maintained in favour of the weaker party. He therefore opposed the original motion. It would, he said, 'totally change the character of its representation, (viz., of the House,) and would render it more tumultuous, and less adapted for business than it is now.'"

Before quoting the passage to come, we wish to place a remark on the strange lingering of the barbarian nature which may be traced in the lying spirit of eulogies. Not only do many critics write fulsome praises of works they do not admire, and of men whom they despise, but high, honourable, and official people, placed by fortune above suspicion of corruption, conspicuous in their lives for their attachment to what is manly, straightforward, and dignified, even they will condescend to lie, and lie unblushingly, to an unblushing audience, when called upon to express a public opinion of the man whom they perhaps abhor, as well as despise. How is it that the statesman is as timorous of speaking his real opinion, and desirous of disguising it under a cloud of grandiloquent eulogy, as the literary critic is of telling the celebrated Mr. Jones that his novels are nauseous, or the powerful Mr. Smith that his verses are unreadable? It is because both retain that barbarian tendency to lie, which only high moral culture can eradicate; because both are afraid of truth as dangerous, and would rather utter what is not only a lie, but what they know will be accepted as such by all who hear it, than simply abstain from speaking at all. For it is a lie to give false eulogy. "Among the smaller duties of life," said Sydney Smith, "I hardly know any one more important than

that of not praising where praise is not due." It may not be always necessary to give pain by dispraise, but it is always necessary to abstain from false praise. When the reader next rises to propose the health of some ripened mediocrity in the chair, let him check, if possible, the exaggeration of "public speaking," and try the effect of honest truth;—when he takes pen in hand, to speak through letter or through periodical of his friend's book, let him try the effect of the eloquence of conviction, praising heartily where he heartily admires, stating clearly what he does not admire. After this, we may give Sir Robert Peel's astonishing and brazen-fronted eulogy on George IV.:—

"Posterity will regard his late Majesty as a sovereign who, during war, maintained the honour and advanced the glory of England, and who during the whole period of his delegated trust, or of his reign as sovereign, never exercised, or wished to exercise, a prerogative of the Crown except for the advantage of his people. I am not overstepping the bounds of sober truth when I state that his Majesty was an enlightened friend of liberty, that he was an admirable judge and liberal patron of the fine arts; and I can from my own personal experience assert that his heart was ever open to any appeal which could be made to his benevolence, and to the saving of human life, or the mitigation of human suffering."

MARGARET FULLER.

Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. By R. W. Emerson, and W. H. Channing. 3 vols. Bentley.

In many respects a book of singular interest. Margaret Fuller lived no life of such importance that the world demanded an account of it, yet the world will accept with pleasure this unasked gift; for a strange picture of American life is here presented, and a strange woman fitfully appears on the scene.

Margaret Fuller was a Boston Corinne. There was something in her writing, and much more in her conversation and general bearing, which lent itself to ridicule. She had the faults and affectations of the 'strong-minded woman' and 'emancipated female.' She was pedantic, arrogant, nasal, unhandsome, and affected; but underneath that very unattractive exterior lived a true and noble heart, a quick bright mind, a generous yearning after noble life, and a cultured intelligence, which threw their fascinations over those who approached her, so that she created for herself not only a circle of admirers, but a band of true and hearty friends. Such personal acquaintance as we had with her was limited to a single evening spent in her company at Carlyle's; the impression we received from such superficial contact was by no means favourable, as may be gathered from what has just been said; we feel bound, however, to add that the nearer glimpse of her character these volumes give us, have altogether deepened and corrected that superficial appreciation, and made us aware of her worth; nor is that appreciation less warm, we hope, because the impression we made upon her seems to have been far from flattering, as recorded in her account thereof. There is, perhaps, an extra source of interest we derive from the very lesson the book teaches of the danger of harsh and hasty judgments. Many natures show their gayest, sweetest aspects first—they wear their graces "in compliment to the exterior;" other natures present a rough, unamiable husk which must be broken through, and then the kernel is found sweet, wholesome, worthy preservation. Margaret Fuller was of the latter class. Her vanity was not simply colossal, it was arrogant and offensive; and it obtruded itself upon you till you resented it. People when they came to know her, ceased to be disturbed by her "very mountainous me" as Emerson, who knew and loved her, calls it; but at the outset it was exasperating. Indeed—and her friends here bear testimony—her surface faults were repulsive; but her deeper nature contained a kernel such as justified the love and sympathy she met with.

Another source of interest is in the materials afforded to the student of character. Margaret Fuller had a great reputation in America, as Rahel had in Berlin and Northern Germany; but that reputation is in no sense justified by her published writings. This biography may help us to a clue. It frankly confesses that her power lay rather in conversation than in writing; and dwells with enthusiasm on the charm of her manner, the influence she exercised over those who approached her, the wit, the glancing imagination, and the stores of culture so prodigally flung by her into conversation; all which can be accepted as in the main accurate enough. Do we not all know some brilliant talker whose pen has never justified the promise of his tongue? Have we not quite recently seen an illustration in John Sterling, whose talk was of the finest, but whose works "were writ in water"?

The distinction we take to be this: In the fine writer we have Intellect disengaged from the Emotions, and dealing freely with its subject with such mastery as is given to it; in the fine talker the Intellect moves in alliance with the Emotions, and deals with its subject, not according to the demands of the subject, but according to the impulses of the feelings, so that instead of mastering the subject, the talker is mastered by his emotions; he gives utterance to what he feels—if he feels strongly, he communicates that to us—we have little time to scan and scrutinize his reasons, we are captivated by an image, startled by an epigram, puzzled by a paradox, borne down by eye, gesture, voice; we quit him dazzled, delighted, with a sense of his power; we speak of his brilliant talk, and if we try to remember anything he said, it seems so poor and insignificant, that we should as soon think of quoting it, as of presenting the rocket-stick to one who had never seen the climbing splendour of the rocket in the night air.

Fine writers are sometimes, not always, fine talkers; but a man may be incomparable as a talker yet insignificant as a writer. Margaret Fuller did not strike us as remarkable; but the testimony of so many persons cannot be gainsaid. She was an "infant prodigy," whose brain was most unwisely tasked by a proud father, and whose health suffered greatly in consequence. Looking to the notices these volumes give us of her early culture, her bad health, her sensibility and impulsiveness—the extremes of ill health, and to use Emerson's words, "the manner in which her life heaped itself in high and happy moments, which were avenged by lassitude and pain"—the alternations of excitement and depression—the strong longing after Art, and the feebleness of her capacity as an Artist—we

have little difficulty in classifying her somewhere among the numerous species of artistic natures who mistake themselves for artists, because they cannot distinguish between aspiration and inspiration, between desire and power.

These *Memoirs* will be very fascinating to young minds; and although the thread of biography is both slender and of common material, although, as a book, it has faults innumerable, yet the picture of American Athens and its ("proper") Aspasia, the picture of a restless ambition working in a soul too feeble for the burden; and the many thoughtful, beautiful passages scattered up and down, will make it the most acceptable book that has come to us from across the Atlantic for many a day.

We shall call upon these pages for a quantity of striking passages to be used from time to time in making "even columns;" meanwhile the reader will like to hear Margaret Fuller on

CARLYLE.

"Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. C. came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humour—full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening, he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told, with beautiful feeling, a story of some poor farmer, or artisan, in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the *Essays*, and looking upon the sea.

"I left him that night, intending to go out very often to their house. I assure you there never was anything so witty as Carlyle's description of ———. It was enough to kill one with laughing. I, on my side, contributed a story to his fund of anecdote on this subject, and it was fully appreciated. Carlyle is worth a thousand of you for that; he is not ashamed to laugh when he is amused, but goes on in a cordial human fashion.

"The second time, Mr. C. had a dinner-party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of a man, author of a *History of Philosophy*, and now writing a *Life of Goethe*, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, of which one was glad, for that night he was in his more acrid mood; and, though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said.

"For a couple of hours he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind. Tennyson wrote in verse because the schoolmasters had taught him that it was great to do so, and had thus, unfortunately, been turned from the true path for a man. Burns had, in like manner, been turned from his vocation. Shakspeare had not had the good sense to see that it would have been better to write straight on in prose; and such nonsense, which, though amusing enough at first, he ran to death after a while. The most amusing part is always when he comes back to some refrain, as in the French Revolution of the *sea-green*. In this instance, it was Petrarch and *Laura*, the last word pronounced with his ineffable sarcasm of drawl. Although he said this over fifty times, I could not ever help laughing when *Laura* would come. Carlyle running his chin out, when he spoke it, and his eyes glancing till they looked like the eyes and beak of a bird of prey. Poor *Laura*! Lucky for her that her poet had already got her safely canonized beyond the reach of this Teufelsdröckh vulture.

"The worst of hearing Carlyle is, that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility. If you get a chance to remonstrate for a moment, he raises his voice and bears you down. True, he does you no injustice, and, with his admirable penetration, sees the disclaimer in your mind, so that you are not morally delinquent; but it is not pleasant to be unable to utter it. The latter part of the evening, however, he paid us for this, by a series of sketches, in his finest style of railing and railleury, of modern French literature, not one of them, perhaps, perfectly just, but all drawn with the finest, boldest strokes, and, from his point of view, masterly. All were depreciating, except that of Béranger. Of him he spoke with perfect justice, because with hearty sympathy.

"I had afterwards some talk with Mrs. C., whom hitherto I had only seen, for who can speak while her husband is there? I like her very much; she is full of grace, sweetness, and talent. Her eyes are sad and charming. . . .

"After this, they went to stay at Lord Ashburton's, and I only saw them once more, when they came to pass an evening with us. Unluckily, Mazzini was with us, whose society, when he was there alone, I enjoyed more than any. He is a beautiful and pure music; also, he is a dear friend of Mrs. C., but his being there gave the conversation a turn to 'progress' and ideal subjects, and C. was fluent to invectives on all our 'rose-water imbecilities.' We all felt distant from him; and Mazzini, after some vain efforts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. C. said to me, 'These are but opinions to Carlyle; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped to bring his friends to the scaffold, in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death.'

"All Carlyle's talk, that evening, was a defence of mere force—success the test of right; if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks; find a hero, and let them be his slaves, &c. It was very Titanic, and anti-celestial. I wish the last evening had been more melodious. However, I bid Carlyle farewell with feelings of the warmest friendship and admiration. We cannot feel otherwise to a great and noble nature, whether it harmonize with our own or not. I never appreciated the work he has done for his age till I saw England. I could not. You must stand in the shadow of that mountain of shams, to know how hard it is to cast light across it.

"Honour to Carlyle! *Hock!* Although, in the wine with which we drink this health, I, for one, must mingle the despised 'rose-water.'"

CARLYLE AGAIN.

"*Paris, Dec. 1846.*—Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men—happily not one invariable or inevitable—that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe, and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one

a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority—raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; on the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought. But it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere—and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did—but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near. He seems to me quite isolated, lonely as the desert, yet never was a man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroic, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a refrain when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has changed, now and then, to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigour; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as *Fata Morgana*, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wisely of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him—the Siegfried of England—great and powerful, if not invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil, than legislate for good."

Side by side with these two sketches let us hang up this

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE SAND.

"As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure—she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and lady-like dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of goodness, nobleness, and power, that pervaded the whole—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, '*C'est vous*,' and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study. We sat down a moment, then I said, '*Il me fait de bien de vous voir*,' and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed a character, and everything that is good in it so really good. I loved, shall always love her.

"She looked away, and said, '*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante*.' This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. She told me, before I went away, that she was going that very day to write to me; that when the servant announced me, she did not recognise the name, but after a minute it struck her that it might be *La dame Americaine*, as the foreigners very commonly call me, for they find my name hard to remember. She was very much pressed for time, as she was then preparing copy for the printer, and having just returned, there were many applications to see her, but she wanted me to stay then, saying, 'It is better to throw things aside, and seize the present moment.' I stayed a good part of the day, and was very glad afterwards, for I did not see her again uninterrupted. Another day I was there, and saw her in her circle. Her daughter and another lady were present, and a number of gentlemen. Her position there was of an intellectual woman and good friend—the same as my own in the circle of my acquaintance as distinguished from my intimates. Her daughter is just about to be married. It is said, there is no congeniality between her and her mother; but for her son she seems to have much love, and he loves and admires her extremely. I understand he has a good and free character, without conspicuous talent.

"Her way of talking is just like her writing—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow.

"We did not talk at all of personal or private matters. I saw, as one sees in her writings, the want of an independent, interior life, but I did not feel it as a fault, there is so much in her of her kind. I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never liked a woman better.

"For the rest I do not care to write about it much, for I cannot, in the room and time I have to spend, express my thoughts as I would; but as near as I can express the sum total, it is this. S— and others who admire her, are anxious to make a fancy picture of her, and represent her as a *Helena* (in the Seven Chords of the Lyre), all whose mistakes are the fault of the present state of society. But to me the truth seems to be this: she has that purity in her soul, for she knows well how to love and prize its beauty; but she herself is quite another sort of person. She needs no defence, but only to be understood, for she has bravely acted out her nature, and always with good intentions. She might have loved one man permanently, if she could have found one contemporary with her who could interest and command her throughout her range; but there was hardly a possibility of that for such a person. Thus she has naturally changed the objects of her affection, and several times. Also, there may have been something of the Bacchante in her life, and of the love of night and storm, and the free raptures amid which roamed on the mountain-tops the followers of Cybele, the great goddess, the great mother. But she was never coarse, never gross, and I am sure her generous heart has not failed to draw some rich drops from every kind of wine-press. When she has done with an intimacy, she likes to break it off suddenly, and this has happened often both with men and women. Many calumnies upon her are traceable to this cause."

That Margaret sometimes in her introspections saw pretty clearly the limit of her own powers, may be gathered from this passage:—

"How can I ever write with this impatience of detail? I shall never be an artist; I have no patient love of execution; I am delighted with my sketch, but if I try to finish it, I am chilled. Never was there a great sculptor who did not love to chip the marble."

"I have talent and knowledge enough to furnish a dwelling for friendship, but not enough to deck with golden gifts a Delphi for the world."

"Then a woman of tact and brilliancy, like me, has an undue advantage in conversation with men. They are astonished at our instincts. They do not see where we got our knowledge; and, while they tramp on in their clumsy way, we wheel, and fly, and dart hither and thither, and seize with ready eye all the weak points, like Saladin in the desert. It is quite another thing when we come to write, and, without suggestion from another mind, to declare the positive amount of thought that is in us. Because we seemed to know all, they think we can tell all; and, finding we can tell so little, lose faith in their first opinion of us, which, *nonetheless*, was true."

Again:—

"I like to hear you express your sense of my defects. The word 'arrogance' does not, indeed, appear to me to be just; probably because I do not understand what you mean. But in due time I doubtless shall; for so repeatedly have you used it, that it must stand for something real in my large and rich, yet irregular and unclarified nature. But though I like to hear you, as I say, and think somehow your reproof does me good, by myself I return to my native bias, and feel as if there was plenty of room in the universe for my faults, and as if I could not spend time in thinking of them, when so many things interest me more. I have no defiance or coldness, however, as to these spiritual facts which I do not know; but I must follow my own law, and bide my time, even if, like Oedipus, I should return a criminal, blind and outcast, to ask aid from the gods. Such possibilities, I confess, give me great awe; for I have more sense than most, of the tragic depths that may open suddenly in the life."

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

- The Jew of Denmark.* By M. Goldschmidt.
Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.
The Rambler.
The Portrait Gallery.
The Half Century; its History, Political and Social. By W. Wilks.
Plato Translated, by Burges.
Geology and Scripture. By P. Smith.
The Battles of the Navy. By Joseph Allen, Esq.
Crime and Insanity; their Causes, Connections, and Consequences. By E. M. Burnett, M.D.
The Rise and Progress of National Education in England. By Richard Chubb.
History of the American Revolution. By George Bancroft. Vol. I.
Rights and Duties of Property. By John Sangster.
The Rambler. A Catholic Journal and Review.
Mons. Guizot; or, Democracy, Oligarchy, and Monarchy. By C. Laelius.
Discourses on Various Subjects. By Samuel Bailey.
The Upper Ten Thousand. Reprinted from Fraser's Magazine.
Life of Constantine the Great. By Joseph Fletcher.
The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. By H. W. Beechey.
Some Thoughts about the School of the Future. By the Rev. Foster Barham Zincke.
A Treatise on the Sugar and Sugar Apparatus of the Great Exhibition. By J. Sedgwick.
 George Routledge, W. and R. Chambers, Burns and Lambert, W. S. Orr and Co., C. Gilpin, H. G. Bohn, H. G. Bohn, H. G. Bohn, Samuel Highly, John Chapman, Richard Bentley, Whittaker and Co., Burns and Lambert, Chas. Fox, Longman and Co., John W. Parker & Son, Albert Cockshaw, H. G. Bohn, Longman and Co., J. Sedgwick, Cooke and Whitley.

Portfolia.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GÖTTE.

MAGNETIC EVENINGS AT HOME.

LETTER II.*—TO G.H. LEWES.

THE experiment to which I referred, at the close of my last letter, as being of a more extraordinary nature than any we had yet beheld, was this:—Our host proposed to make V— exhibit all the effects of having taken poison—any poison I chose to indicate—by magnetizing a glass of water, with the *will* that she should believe, on drinking it, that she was really drinking a poisonous liquid. Before, however, the experiment began, he made two provisos. The first was, that I should select no poison, the effects of which were immediately fatal when it was taken in ordinary doses; the second, that instead of whispering the name of the poison chosen to him, or afterwards to my friends, I should write it down on a piece of paper, and only show that paper to him and to them. The Count insisted on this arrangement, as tending to prevent the possibility of any deception, in case we might still suspect that V— could overhear what was said in the room, even when none of us were placed in communication with her. These preliminaries agreed on, a sheet of paper was placed before me, and a glass of water was procured from a jug standing on the sideboard, out of which some of the persons present had already been drinking.

The poison I chose, and wrote down, was *Strychnine*. In the first place, I knew that this poison was not immediately fatal; and, in the second place, I was aware that "cases" exhibiting its effects were rare in medical practice, and that, consequently, those effects must be little, if at all, known to "the general public." When the Count read what I had written, he shook his head, as a sign that he was unacquainted with the nature of *Strychnine*, and asked me whether I was quite sure that I had strictly complied with the terms of his first proviso: if I had any doubt on the subject, he said he would decline pursuing the experiment; for he dared not assume a responsibility which, under those circumstances, might perhaps lead to a fatal result. I reassured him on this point; and he then magnetized the glass of water without further delay.

When it was given to V— she smelt it; an expression of disgust came over her face; and she refused to drink. It was only after the Count had made several passes over her, and had insisted on her obeying him, that she could be induced to taste the water. Then, in obedience to the irresistible influence of his will on hers, she drank a very small quantity, with extreme reluctance, and with a visible contraction of the throat after each

sip. When the water was taken away, I put myself in communication with her, and asked what was the taste of the liquid she had just been imbibing. She answered, rather faintly: "An intensely bitter taste." At the same moment, I looked carefully at her complexion, and touched her hand and cheek: as yet, there was no appearance whatever of unusual paleness, and the temperature of her skin was at its natural degree of warmth.

Soon, while we watched her, we saw that she began to move uneasily from side to side in her chair. Then she took her handkerchief, and wiped her lips with it; repeating this action incessantly, though there was not the slightest moisture about her mouth. Her complexion got paler and paler, until at last it grew perfectly livid—livid to her very lips. I touched her face now: her skin had become cold and clammy. I took her hand; it felt like the hand of a corpse. Ere long—while she still wiped her mouth from time to time, and still moved painfully from side to side in her chair—spasmodic contractions appeared about her brow and lips, and spread to her chest, her shoulders, and her arms. Her legs, too, began to stretch out rigidly before her; and she complained, in a faint, gasping whisper, of violent pains in the abdomen, and of a disposition to vomit. We lifted her eyelids, and found that her eyeballs were dilated; the pupils being insensible, and turned far upward. The dull, glassy glare of the distorted eye was positively fearful to behold. What further symptoms might have soon appeared, it is impossible to say; for, at this point, we all agreed that the experiment must stop. It was then about ten minutes from the time when she had first tasted the magnetized water.

She was relieved—but very slowly—of the pain in her stomach, by passes; and after that, complained of a sensation of coldness and numbness in her legs. When this also had been removed, she begged for something to quench a great thirst that she felt; and being asked what drink she wished for, answered, "Lukewarm milk." The Count poured out a fresh glass of water, magnetized it, and gave it to her. She eagerly drank it off at a draught; and, in answer to a question from me, said that she was drinking lukewarm milk. After this, she sank back in the chair; and, desiring to be left to repose, appeared to fall immediately into a deep sleep. Before she was restored to this state of tranquillity, she had engaged the magnetizer's unremitting attention for double the time he had ever occupied before in recovering her from experiments of a similar nature.

The next morning, I consulted Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (Ed. 3, 1849, pp. 181—183), to ascertain exactly what were the symptoms of poisoning by *Strychnine*. For the information of persons unacquainted with chemistry, it must be premised, that *Strychnine* is nothing but a concentration of the poisonous properties of *Nux Vomica*, which Taylor states to have "an intensely bitter taste"—the very taste, observe, that V— complained of to me. The first case related of poisoning by *Strychnine*, is that of a young man, aged seventeen, who took *forty grains* (!); and died in an hour and a half after swallowing this tremendous dose of poison, the first symptoms having appeared in a quarter of an hour. The second case is the case of Dr. Warner, who died in fourteen minutes from the effect of the smallest dose on record—half-a-grain. A third instance is then cited of a person who recovered from a dose of seven grains. Thus it appears, from medical evidence, that the quantity of *Strychnine* required to destroy life, the time when symptoms of having taken it first appear, and the period that elapses before a dose becomes fatal, vary so much in different persons, as to defy any previous computation whatever.

Among the symptoms exhibited by the young man who took the dose of forty grains, Taylor describes—lividness of the skin, prominence of the eyeballs, dilatation and insensibility of the pupils, and spasms of the chest. Among the symptoms of poisoning by *Nux Vomica* (which the author of *Medical Jurisprudence* informs us "closely resemble" those of poisoning by *Strychnine*) are mentioned—vomiting, pain in the abdomen, and a stretching out of the limbs. We have here, then, no less than seven symptoms, detailed on medical authority, as symptoms produced by taking the poison that I wrote down for our magnetic experience, every one of which we saw exhibited by V—. Others of a more aggravated nature might have appeared, had we not stopped the experiment when we did. I, for one, never desire to witness its repetition, under any circumstances whatever.

Now, how are we to account for such a phenomenon as I have just described? People who keep a large stock of ready-made assertions always on hand to answer any emergency, would solve the mystery at once, by saying that V— was acting. Setting aside, for mere argument sake, the weight of evidence which the character of the young lady herself, and of the friends under whose care she was living, would bring to bear against the possibility of any deception being practised by her,—what am I obliged to believe, if I believe that she was acting? First, I must believe that she is the most consummate actress in Europe; for I have never seen, on the stage, any simulation of the physical effects of poison-taking comparable for a moment to her simulation. Rachel's performance in the last act of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*" was, in regard to those parts of it which were confined to the simple representation of the outward effect of poison on the human frame, tricky and artificial by comparison with V—'s. Secondly, remembering that I saw with my own eyes the livid paleness come over V—'s face, and felt with my own hands the clammy coldness of hers, I must believe that, at little more than a minute's notice, she could *act away* all colour from her cheeks, and *act away* the natural vital warmth from her hands—a perfection of histrionic art to which no other actress, from Mrs.

* See *Leader*, No. 95.

Siddons downwards, has, I venture to assert, ever attained! Thirdly, I must believe that she had "got up" beforehand all the symptoms produced by taking all the known poisons in chemistry, so as to be quite prepared for any selection I might choose to make. And fourthly, I must believe that she knew what poison I had really chosen, though I have no recollection of the name of it ever having been even faintly whispered by anybody in the room, until she had been awakened out of the magnetic sleep.

Which is the most credulous man—the man who believes all this, or the man who believes in the magnetic influence?

But how could this influence possibly act, in the case now under review? Admitting the sympathy between the magnetizer and the person magnetized—the limitless power of the will of the one over the will of the other—how was it, if neither the Count nor V— knew anything of the nature or effects, on the human system, of Strychnine, that such results as I have mentioned were produced? Here was some strange influence working on the intellectual faculties, the nerves, and the whole vital principle—the question is, how did it work? I cannot tell! Neither can I, nor anybody else, explain several other mysteries which every human being knows to be existing within himself. I have a thinking machine about me, commonly called a "brain"—by what process is it set working? What power, when I am asleep, and my will is entirely inactive, sets this thinking machine going—going as I cannot make it go when my will is active, and I am awake? I know that I have a soul—what is it? where is it? when and how was it breathed into the breath of my life? Is Animal Magnetism the only mystery which the medical profession, and strong-minded unbelievers in general, cannot scientifically and logically explain? Shakspeare thought not—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

You will, I doubt not, wish to be informed of the condition in which V— appeared when she was awakened from the magnetic sleep, after having been the subject of the painful experiment which I have just related. She was not aroused for another hour and a half, at least. During that period, other magnetic experiments were tried on her, which I shall mention hereafter, when I have more space to occupy than is now at my disposal. It was past midnight—more than three hours from the time when she had been first thrown into the sleep—when the process of awakening her began.

The passes made by the magnetizer were at first quick, but very gentle. Then he twice drew his hands sharply away from before her head, towards the ground. The second time he performed this action, she awoke; her eyes opened wide in an instant. They showed the same brightness and intelligence that we had remarked in them three hours ago, before she had fallen into the magnetic sleep. The change from the calm, blank, statue-like repose of her face, in the magnetized state, to the lively, good-humoured expression of her face, in the waking state, was accomplished with the rapidity of a flash of lightning. There was no external appearance of any intermediate process whatever: looking at her countenance, you saw her, in obedience to a noiseless action of the magnetizer's hands, pass from fast asleep to wide awake, before you would have had time to count one!

She had no idea whatever of anything that had passed since she had been first magnetized, at nine o'clock. I asked whether she felt any pain anywhere. No! not the least pain of any kind. What were her sensations at that moment? No sensations particular—nothing but the feeling that she generally experienced when she was getting up in the morning: the feeling of being perfectly well. Had she really no faint recollections of having said, done, or felt anything, during the last three hours?—no vague idea, for instance, of having dreamt that she had been, at one time, in a state of great pain? Not the least! She remembered putting on the magnetized thimble, and then going on with her work after tea; and from that point all her remembrances stopped. It was always so with her: she never knew anything about what she did, or said, or felt, in the magnetized state, unless other people told her.

Here our questions and answers were interrupted by the noisy impatience of a little dog in the room. The animal was waiting to go home with me, and was growing very unwilling to wait longer. Earlier in the evening, this dog had accidentally produced a very curious exertion of V—'s extraordinary perceptive powers, while in the magnetic sleep. His master (at whose house I was then staying) had come in, as one of the guests, late in the evening, when V— had been nearly an hour asleep. After a short time, he departed; and his dog, having followed him to the house, followed him again out of the room. More than half an hour afterwards, in the middle of an experiment, V— suddenly became restless, and frowned. No one being able to imagine what produced this alteration in her, she was asked to explain what was the matter, and answered—"There's something in the room that annoys me." "What is it?" "A dog." "Why, the dog went away half-an-hour ago," cried one of my friends. A search was instituted; and, sure enough, the dog (a little terrier) was found coiled up asleep in the darkest corner of the room. He had followed his master out; but not, as we all supposed, home. He was very fond of me; had determined to go home with me; and had quietly crept back into the room—so quietly, that nobody could imagine how or when he had entered—to wait my departure. While I was looking for the dog, the Count was pursuing his questions with V—. "What sort of dog is it?" "A

little dog." "Whose dog is it?" "He has not followed his master home." "I ask you whose dog it is?" "The dog belongs to Mr. —," mentioning the name of the dog's owner. This gentleman, as I have already said, had only come to the house after V—'s eyes were fast closed in the magnetic sleep. W. W. C.

(To be continued.)

The Arts.

THE NEW HAMLET.

I ALWAYS feel tenderly towards *débutants*, and watch their performances with a different eye to those of old stagers. If I do not let my tenderness issue in eulogies such as I read elsewhere, it is, I suppose, that my brother critics are more tender, or less fastidious. I cannot help my opinions; if they seem severe, I am assured by my own conscience that their severity is tempered in expression by a predetermination to do my office as kindly as I can. True, that kindness is strangely interpreted sometimes!

If Mr. Barry Sullivan is to get but cold praise from me, it is because his *Hamlet* was so very feeble, though less offensive than many of more pretensions. It was a mere reading of the part, and that reading elaborated, rather than elaborate. Steering clear of all the detonating violence of Charles Kean, he misses the settled gloom and overshadowing melancholy which make the first act of Charles Kean's *Hamlet* so fine; his sorrow is lackadaisical, womanish, and unreal. The quietness with which he plays the part is highly commendable, and shows a fine ambition. It is surely a considerable merit that of not ranting! But *il y a sagot et sagot*, as Molière says—there is quietness and quietness: if it be more difficult for the actor to produce his effects quietly, it is because he must then rely upon intelligence and emotion, instead of lungs and gesticulation; but quietness without those is simply negative. Mr. Barry Sullivan's personation of the part is not Shaksperian in its broad outlines, nor is it felicitous in its details. He does not present to us a picture of the sceptical prince, suddenly smitten by a grief which becomes a calamity so great as to overwhelm his reason, and drive him into insanity. We undergo none of those emotions which such a picture of psychological evolution ought to produce—we see nothing of what is passing in *Hamlet's* mind to explain his acts. Mr. Sullivan read the part with fair intelligence (though he should not say *Néméan*), and played it with what may be called propriety; but the passion and the subtlety of the part are both beyond him. His gestures are graceful, but of a sort of *Keepsake* grace. Indeed, the phrase, a *Keepsake Hamlet*, would vividly express my view of his performance. What the engravings in *Annals* are to fine pictures, or to Nature, that is his *Hamlet* to fine *Hamlets*, or Shakspeare. His appearance is prepossessing; and being young and ambitious, he may yet create a name for himself. We shall see him, however, in a new part soon, and then, when not oppressed by the weight of Shakspeare, he will have a chance of showing us his quality. Meanwhile, let me call his attention to one defect. He has a tendency to screw up his features into a fixed and not very expressive expression, which is almost as bad as Charles Kean's perpetual blank look and open mouth, which do duty for all other expressions. In so quiet an actor as Mr. Barry Sullivan, the face ought to play a prominent part.

KING JOHN.

On Monday *King John* was revived at the Princess's, and I, like a sort of Oxford-street Tantalus, gazed at the bill, but could not feed my hungry eyes with the performance. Then it was I began to feel the anger of Jupiter Kean! Then it was I realized the misery of my lot—banished from that Theatre,—excluded from the contemplation of that great man and greater actor. Then it was I sat in my lonely study, howling. *King John* with Charles Kean, and I not admitted! *Al, al, ed ed!* (You see, he is such a classic actor, that my very agonies disdain a less lofty expression than Greek!)

But there is a limit to human endurance. On Wednesday I would not be longer kept from that theatre, and I went. What I saw there shall now—in all seriousness—be told you. I have dried my tears, and intend to jest no more.

Although *King John* contains some truly Shaksperian writing, and characters such as *Falconbridge*, *Hubert*, *Arthur*, *Constance*, and *King John*, the effect, on the whole, is very heavy, and the play needs some accessory attraction. Gervinus, indeed, thinks it a "tragedy of the purest water"—*vom reinsten Wasser* (whatever that may be); but he is a German, and accustomed to watery dramas: our audiences want something of a more rivetting interest; they can enjoy poetry and character in their study. The audiences in Shakspeare's day listened with hungry ears to all the poetry and history, because to them the stage was the source of almost all their literary culture; they were not reading audiences, and therefore could be interested by plays which weary our fastidious pit, who, as Goethe says, in the theatre prologue to *Faust*, have not, indeed, been accustomed to the finest things in the world, but unhappily are terribly well read—

"Zwar sind sie an das Beste nicht gewöhnt:
Allein sie haben schrecklich viel gelesen!"

It seems clear, then, to me, that we must have some accessory attraction to replace that literary and historical interest which originally made Shakspeare's historical plays acceptable; and therefore that Macready was wholly right in the principle of his revivals. Scenery, dresses, groupings, archaeological research, and pictorial splendour, can replace for moderns the poetic and historic interest which our forefathers felt in these plays. All these things render *King John* attractive at the Princess's. No pains, no expense has been spared to make the spectacle gorgeous and minutely antiquarian. It surpasses everything in the way of *mise en*

scène which this theatre has yet attempted; and while noting this prodigality of heraldic science, I could not help regretting that a misguided ambition should have led Charles Kean on the stage, when a post in the Herald's Office was a human possibility! The spectacle is truly pictorial and striking. I am not so learned in costume as to be able to say whether all the appointments are as accurate as they pretend to be; but I can assure you that they look very learned and mediæval. The groupings were admirable; and admirable also the movements of the crowd when in agitation—giving a "bustle" to the scene which communicated something of its agitation to the spectator; they were very unlike stage movements in general.

As a spectacle, I have unqualified praise to give it. As a tragedy, I was forcibly struck with the truth of a prophecy uttered by Kean's loving and beloved friend, Albert Smith, in *The Month*, which ran thus:—

"Let not Charles Kean deceive himself as to his position as an actor; he has none beyond that which appliances of *mise en scène* assist him to. *King John* is about to be revived for him. Our readers will see, judging calmly for themselves, that in spite of all the press laudations that will follow, it will be simply a success of tin, and banners, and Jewess-like panoply; a metallic triumph in every respect, including the brass."

The sentence is harsh, but in the main it is correct. Except *Falconbridge* and *Hubert*, the parts were played in a style altogether incommensurate with the demands of the play. Had Charles Kean allowed me to pursue my own friendly course towards him, I should have passed over the performance with some brief remark; but as silence is construed into insult, I am forced to speak my mind, and the only difficulty I have is how to say what I really think in the least offensive form. He won't believe that, because his irritable vanity makes him believe that no one can fail to admire except from "bitter enmity;" and he will attribute my criticism to "anger," whereas, I am not "angry" at all—I only laugh. My public know me too well, I trust, to doubt the sincerity of my opinions, severe or favourable.

King John and *Constance* are two great tragic parts. Mr. and Mrs. Kean were decidedly effective in them, but I venture to doubt whether the effect was such as any poetic or cultivated mind can on reflection approve. Had the play been a *Porte St. Martin* melodrama, *King John* a housebreaker, and *Constance* a widow *de la rue St. Denis*, the acting would have been admirable; but every one must feel the difference between the impassioned grandeur of ideal sorrow, and the prosaic truth of domestic woe. As a bit of "truth," Mrs. Keeley's sobbing perusal of the letter in *Prisoners of War* is without a rival; but imagine that order of truth transported into tragedy, and you at once leap upon the platform whence to survey the chasm which separates tragedy from domestic drama. Mrs. Kean in the opening scene was ideal and graceful; her attitudes, her intonations, her whole conception promised well. But when the great storm of grief burst, she dropped from her elevation into domesticity of a not very pleasing kind; except in the sarcasms with which her indignant heart relieves itself against Austria (finely uttered), the wronged *Constance* was at no time before us. The grief and rage were well simulated, and by some of the audience loudly applauded, because the applauders recognised the "truth," but did not ask themselves "truth of what?—truth of whom?—truth of a Princess in her despair?—truth of a tragic heroine whose agonies are poetry?" It may be said, indeed, that *Constance*, though a Princess, was a woman, and probably a very unideal woman; at any rate Mrs. Kean, by representing the grief of a woman, represented nature. Specious, but false! Place Mrs. Keeley in the part, and let her represent womanly grief; no one will doubt that her representation would be intensely true, but could the audience accept it? If the defence be admitted, adieu to all personation! Grant Mrs. Kean her right of portraying *Constance* in a domestic light, stripped of all the elevation and grandeur of poetry, and, I repeat, her performance was very effective. But those who have seen Fanny Kemble, or Miss Glyn, or Mrs. Warner in the same part, will scarcely accept such a version.

Charles Kean, as *King John*, was just what you may expect, showing in one or two scenes a decided quality as a melo-dramatic actor, but nowhere, even by a look, showing the least penetration of Shakspeare's meaning. I will not quarrel with him for the permanent stolidity of his face and bearing; he cannot help that—it is his misfortune, not his fault, as the man said of his blind horse. But I must object to the unkindly, unideal presentation of the whole part. In his two great scenes—the tempting of *Hubert*, and the death—he fell miserably below the character. The wonderful speech, "Hubert, I had a thing to say," was an instance of what I meant in saying the performance was effective, though the effect was wrong. There was a certain breath-suspending, chilling horror, in his utterance of that speech, especially in the hoarse whisper of those words, "A grave," which affected the audience, and which, had he been a melo-dramatic ruffian proposing a murder to his companion, would have been in fine keeping; but when one thought of it as the expression of that dark hinting at murder, which the poet has so wonderfully set forth, it was almost ludicrous. So again in the death-scene; the agonies were "true," but they were the agonies of a Jew with the cholera, and produced tittering instead of sympathy.

Wigan's *Falconbridge* fairly took me by surprise. I heard with regret of his playing the part, not believing him capable of the brawny gaiety of the Bastard. I was wrong. The first act, indeed, was too light, and seemed to justify forebodings: it was too much in his light comedy vein; but, as the play advanced, he rose in excellence, and was equal to all the exigencies of the part. You may observe that *Falconbridge*, who begins as a bold, careless soldier, deepens into bitter irony when experience of the treachery of France has roused him, and, as the dark scenes of the play follow each other, he loses the gaiety of careless lightheartedness, and rises into personal consequence, till the conduct of affairs seems almost to rest with him. All these changes were broadly and truly marked by Wigan; and for intelligence in conception, and power of execution, his acting was the acting of the piece. Ryder, as *Hubert*, played with intelligence and rugged feeling, and was loudly applauded.

FRENCH PLAYS.

For lovers of good acting, there is no announcement more grateful than that of the opening of the St. James's Theatre by that model *entrepreneur*, Mr. Mitchell. On Monday, the saucy, piquante, and incomparable Déjazet appears with Lafont, and after a brief (brilliant it is sure to be) engagement, we are to have Frédéric Lemaître, and then Regnier, and the Theatre Français. Vaudeville—drama—and comedy (and the greatest in each department)—is not the very prospect enough to make you rub your delighted hands! At length I shall have some acting I can praise heartily—which, on the English stage, is only the case with at the utmost some half-dozen actors; and at length I shall feel my duty is a pleasure, and not grumble that I am forced to quit the Christian Fathers for a Vaudeville!

VIVIAN.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of mild ability covers the walls of the British Institution; many of our best artists having sent pictures not discredit-able to their repute. A few works are striking, and only a few; the rest being precisely of the kind that is indicated in the name of painter and picture. The story pieces are few, landscapes many, with several pieces of character, and a fair sprinkling of ladies, painted for the abstract admiration of the fair sex.

Foremost is Sir Edwin Landseer's "Deer Pass"—a steep, grassy path, between high highland rocks, over a chasm, which is bridged by a great grass-clad rock. Deer are straggling up the pass, and looking back, as if conscious of an intruder; a big stag prominent in the group. It is painted not in Landseer's best manner, the texture being of the "tea-board" order; but there is so much living character, so much vigour and boldness in the scene, that the very rocks have in them a dramatic force.

Among the landscapes, there are some which contain more than the mere name suggests. Alfred Clint's "Heath Scene near Poole" (5) is striking at the first view; but as you look out into the scene, you discern so many varied passages of country, so many moving traits of living nature, that you forget the frame and canvas, and the eye seems to be travelling over a region too wide, with incidents too many, for the pencil to collect. It wants but an ace of subdued power to escape a certain harshness, and make us compare it to Ruysdael's fresh suggestive portrait-landscapes. T. Danby's "Lake of Thun," although it belongs to the category of sun-set effects by the family, whose repetition is tedious, is reconciled to us by the breathing space, the gentle force and harmony of the light, glancing over the broken hills and smooth water; and it convinces us how well the painter might escape the thralldom of the hereditary manner, if he would but try. Town scenes by Holland and Selous; country scenes by Lee, Creswick, Bentley, Copley Fielding; scenes, with a thought in them, by Linnell, Linton, and Branwhite; with animals, by Ansdell and Herring—who does not know them?

Likewise the women of Frost, naked, no Lucretias, and yet as harmless as if they were clothed prudes—fixed models of "the nude"—are they not brought to mind at the mere name? Here they are seen in little, which is an improvement; for it abridges the expanse of smooth nerveless symmetrical flesh, which is the Frost idea of Women; and you can have the "points" just as well in the little as in the large. We prefer his "Galatea" and his "Wood Nymphs" reduced. It is curious to note the tone of the morals which rule British art: in the collection are lovers, so called, with countenances so bare of expression, as to suggest the question whether *English* lovers have any emotions; or whether it is that the painters have never seen the light of love in woman's countenance? Perhaps the strictness of our moral taste prohibits the painting of the emotion; as Alexander Smith was so severely handled by certain of our correspondents; but then the "Wicked eyes" of Frith are not excluded; and the bold leer of Newenham's "Spanish dance"—which looks like the portrait of some fearless Lola Montez—is admissible! Nakedness you may have, gracefully abstract, as in Gambardella's large picture of "Peace," or cold and nerveless, as in Frost; meretricious suggestion, as in Newenham's Spanish lady; but the tender affection of a Juliet or an Angelica, of a Genevieve, whether in Coleridge or Sand, that is either inadmissible or is unknown to English artists! You may, indeed, have the countenance of tender beauty, but it must be in perfect repose, as in Phillips's "Sueño"—a charming face. The restraint runs even into "action." There is much force in J. Gilbert's "Charge of Prince Rupert's Cavalry at Naseby;" but how faint an idea of action it gives to see every figure on the balance as it is here. Organic life in motion is perpetually off the balance; but our painters seem to live so much in quiescence and restraint, that they think they neither can nor ought to paint either body or soul in any condition but that of even balance, without passing act or emotion!

The Pre-Raphaelite school—with which W. B. Scott's "Visit of Boecaccio to Dante's Daughter" must be classed—is an attempt to break away from the modern lifeless school, with its mechanical symmetry; and when it shall have attained a better symmetry, though not mechanical, a warmer life though not meretricious, a more masterly handling, though not mannered, it will have succeeded in its excellent enterprise, and become, not Pre-Raphaelite, but Raphaellesque.

ARTIST NATURES.—No permanent consciousness of their own destiny, or of their own worth in comparison with others, belongs to them. In their moods of elevation they are powers to move the world; but while the impulse that has gone forth from them in one of these moods may be still thrilling its way onward in wider and wider circles through the hearts of myriads they have never seen, they, the fountains of the impulse, the spirit being gone from them, may be sitting alone in the very spot and amid the ashes of their triumph, sunken and dead, despondent and self-accusing. It requires the evidence of positive results, the assurance of other men's praises, the visible presentation of effects which they cannot but trace to themselves, to convince such men that they are or can do anything. Whatever manifestations of egotism, whatever strokes of self-assertion come from such men, come in the very burst and frenzy of their passing restlessness.—*North British Review*, No. XXXII.

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